OUTLOOK
and Independent

VOL. 159—No. 7

OCTOBER 14, 1931

"Aggressive fighting for the right is the noblest sport the world affords."
—*Theodore Roosevelt*

WITH OUR READERS

"Alfalfa Bill"

To the Editor:

SIR—In your issue of September 16th, "Trend of the Week" column, you stated in regard to Governor Murray of Oklahoma that he appeared to be something of a demagogic, militant, carbon-copy Bryan, and further pooh-poohed the idea that he had done or could do anything constructive in politics. Evidently you are not familiar with what Alfalfa Bill Murray has done for his state and for the Middle Western states affected by his policies. This writer would suggest that your editors make a more thorough study of the facts before expressing superficial opinions.

The facts disclose that within two months of Murray's martial law declaration the price of oil had risen to the desired level, the state of Texas had adopted his method of handling the oil situation with noticeable success, and oil producers everywhere in the Middle West looked upon Murray as the only present day politician able to do anything constructive about anything. Murray has also instituted a free seed distributing program whereby impoverished farmers may get enough seed to plant next year's crops. He has lowered some taxes, and raised the income tax. In regard to the Red River Bridge controversy, you will find by reading an article by A. O. McDonald in the Kansas City *Star* of recent date that the horse pistol incident was a mere accident capitalized on by reporters, and that it never occurred actually.

The point that I am trying to make is that out of all the campaign promises made by candidates in the last election, Bill Murray has been the only one to fulfill them. He has actually helped the unemployment situation in Oklahoma over twenty-five per cent. He has the guts to come out and say what he thinks, and then do something about it. He faces facts. I suggest that you should remember that Murray was spoken of by Champ Clark back in 1913 as the foremost constitutional lawyer in American history, and that John W. Davis recognized his worth also. Also, that Murray is a close student of law, government, and people, and knows what he is doing and how to do it right—which is more than most of our ruling class do right now. The *Literary Digest, American, Harper's* and other magazines consider him as presidential timber and there are four or five Middle Western states that are very liable to send instructed Murray delegations to the convention.

I would like to see a personality sketch of Murray in the OUTLOOK by one of your staff who will delve to the bottom before recording his opinions. I think you would change your mind then.

WARREN WOODY.

Revolution by Ballot

To the Editor: *Grinnell, Iowa*

SIR—In "With Our Readers" in your issue of September 30, 1931, Edwin G. Brown, of Big Springs, Texas, in an article captioned, "Plan for Unemployed Relief," says "Beggars cannot be choosers." This expresses the attitude toward the unemployed of the smugly complacent class which has been reaping the unearned increment from the toilers of the nation for years. Mr. Brown takes the edge off his gratuitous slander by saying: "The permanent adjustment which shall avoid unemployment in the future involves a thorough overhauling and reorganizing of our methods of distributing the benefits of our civilization. That's another story." No, it is not another story. It is the age-old story of greed and selfishness supplemented by legislation in the interests of the comparatively few who receive the major portion of the income of the nation. Too many cowardly politicians have supplanted honest statesmen in the halls of Congress, state legislatures and public offices. A "permanent readjustment" will not be brought about until there is a revolution by ballot and men elected to public office who will correct the economic system which has imposed hardships upon the great majority. That's the story.

J. H. PATTON.

Those Sour Grapes

To the Editor: *San Francisco*

SIR—Under the caption, "Grapes of Gall," in the OUTLOOK of September 23, Ray T. Tucker deals with a prevalent interpretation that Sec. 29 of the National Prohibition Act, known as the Volstead Law and hereinafter called the Act, authorizes or allows manufacture of intoxicating liquor in the home for beverage use therein.

Intellectual honesty and knowledge of the historical and constitutional background of the Act do not support such interpretation.

The Act is the servant of the Constitution, which, in the Eighteenth Amendment, prohibits without qualification manufacture, transportation or sale of intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes.

Sec. 2 of the Amendment says: "The Congress and the several states shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation." Note the word "appropriate." Congress has no constitutional power to enact legislation which would in any degree nullify any part of the Constitution.

If Sec. 29 of the Act permitted in any degree anywhere intoxicating liquor for beverage purposes, it would be in that degree and place unconstitutional and it would fall before the Supreme Court.

Manufacture in the home of intoxicating liquor of any kind for beverage use in the home is a violation of the Constitution and its servant the Act.

That part of Sec. 29 of the Act upon which the issue is raised says: "The penalties provided in this Act against manufacture of liquor without a permit shall not apply to a person for manufacturing non-intoxicating cider and fruit juices exclusively for use in his home."

Non-intoxicating beverages do not fall within the prohibition of the Amendment or the Act. Reference to them in the Act is superfluous and unnecessary and should not have been made, affording as it does opportunity for sophistry and confusion. The reference should be eliminated from the Act.

If cider or fruit juices are allowed to acquire an alcoholic content by fermentation or otherwise, they become intoxicating liquors *per se* and intoxicating liquors under the Act when the alcoholic content exceeds the limit prescribed in the Act.

Cider and fruit juices are easily preserved by well-known processes from becoming intoxicating beverages and such preservation is a duty under the law and a reasonable requirement of citizenship.

J. L. CAMPBELL.

Brickbat

To the Editor: *Los Angeles*

SIR—Your disgusting magazine was sent to me sometime ago as a gift from a friend. Please do not send another copy to me. The editorials are the most biased I have ever read in any magazine not "red." If you offered any constructive criticisms worth a piffle or attempted to aid the present Administration one-tenth as much as you try to hamper it, there would be something to your credit. No, I am not a Republican—just an honest-to-goodness *American citizen.*

MRS. MABEL W. BARTON.

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Next Week

King Huey of Louisiana
A Portrait of Governor Long
By Barbara Giles

A vivid and turbulent personality has dominated Louisiana politics in the midst of turbulence for the last four years—but the state sees quiet ahead when his term expires and he takes his seat in the United States Senate. A plain narrative of the man who rules the state with an iron hand.

Poverty In Park Avenue
By Nancy Hill

A cynically truthful story of what the depression has done to some free spenders of the Bull Market Era. Some of them are completely deflated; others are merely thrifty "as an example."

Roosevelt: A Biography
VI—Lord of the Navy
By Henry F. Pringle

President McKinley was reluctant to make the impetuous young New Yorker an Assistant Secretary of the Navy, but he yielded to pressure. And how T. R. made things hum every time he got a chance. He shifted ships and squadrons; he talked and breathed war; he got Dewey promoted—and then war came, with Roosevelt quite ready for it.

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A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

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OUTLOOK

and Independent

▸▸ Trend of the Week ◂◂

▸▸*Beware of Bear-Baiters*

As we expected, the New York Stock Exchange, having prohibited short selling for forty-eight hours after Britain abandoned the gold standard, is now being asked to prohibit or restrict it permanently. Senator Hastings of Delaware warns the Exchange to put a minimum price on securities or ban short selling for the rest of the year. Similar sentiments are expressed by Senators Brookhart and Frazier, Governor "Alfalfa Bill" Murray of Oklahoma and enough others to indicate that Congress and the New York legislature will both be deluged with bills to abolish short selling, or at least discourage it.

It is therefore worth while to repeat a few facts. First, bears did not put, and are not keeping, stock prices at their present levels; declines in earnings and dividends and pessimism as to the immediate future of business must be held accountable for that. Secondly, bears are necessary both in falling markets, when they tend to provide a cushion of buying, and in rising markets, when they tend to prevent undue inflation in prices. Thirdly, bears are almost daily blamed for offenses they do not commit; they suffer every time the market fails to justify someone's pollyanna prediction. Finally, much of the clamor against short sellers, in and out of Congress, represents an attempt to make the Wall Street bear a goat for the failure of prosperity.

In a few words, short-selling is fundamentally sound. In one respect, however, it has been abused. We refer to the general brokerage house practice of loaning customers' securities to bears without the customers' permission. The practice should be discontinued, not only to put a customer's securities at his own command but also to put an end to valid protests which threaten, unless ended, to give undue weight to invalid protests against short selling. The Stock Exchange would do well to restrict short-selling in this respect lest Congress abolish it altogether.

▸▸*Transpacific*

Had Clyde Pangborn and Hugh Herndon made their non-stop flight across the Pacific in 1927 they would have had the world at their feet. One need but recall the honors showered on Lindbergh, Chamberlin, Byrd and lesser fliers to appreciate what Pangborn and Herndon have missed. For one thing, they have had precious few of those eight-column headlines which the newspapers accorded aviators indiscriminately in 1927. Instead, though their flight ranks with the best, it gets single-column heads on first pages or two-column heads at most.

The failure of the press to treat the flight as if the fate of the world hung upon it is a welcome indication of our emergence from aeronautical infancy. The two young men have, indeed, become the first to fly the Pacific without a stop—covering the 4,500 miles from Samushiro Beach, Japan, to Wenatchee, Washington, in slightly less than 42 hours—but we have grown older since Lindbergh covered four-fifths that distance at no better average speed. No one speaks of inaugurating transoceanic air services nowadays as every one did in 1927. It is now well known that transatlantic flights are so dangerous as to be impracticable, while transpacific flights are more dangerous still. It is realized that, though Pangborn and Herndon succeeded in flying the Pacific, Don Moyle and Cecil Allen did not. One flight doesn't make an airline, as we have come to see.

▸▸*Dwight W. Morrow*

Among the qualities of the late Dwight W. Morrow two were outstanding: His conciliatory spirit and his insatiable appetite for facts. "He cannot see two men in a dispute without letting his mind experiment on ways and means of bringing them together," a political colleague said of him, while one of his business associates semi-seriously exclaimed, "Morrow knows everything, absolutely everything!"

Possibly he inherited his love of learning from his father, a college president in West Virginia. At any rate, he showed it early in life and shone as the bright particular star of his classrooms in high school, Amherst College and Columbia Law School. Later, as a studious young corporation lawyer, he began to exhibit a knack for effecting amicable settlements out of court. How he was made a Morgan partner before he was forty-five, how he conducted successful international negotiations during the War, how he helped to give New Jersey a sound penal system and a workman's compensation law, how he became Ambassador to Mexico, delegate to the London naval conference and finally United States Senator—these things are

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folk-lore now and need but casual mention here.

But we may well be concerned to

Underwood

DWIGHT W. MORROW
The late United States Senator from New Jersey

note that when Morrow went to Mexico his passion for knowledge and his genius for compromise went with him. In his OUTLOOK article on Mr. Morrow last year, Jonathan Mitchell pointed out that he was said to know more facts about Mexico than any other living person. And he put them to excellent use. When he crossed the Rio Grande our relations with Mexico were dangerous. When he recrossed it they were cordial beyond precedent.

Mr. Morrow died at the very beginning of his public career. Had he lived to be elected President, as he might have been in due time, the country would have profited immeasurably from his habit of first uncovering all the facts and then inducing men to bury their differences over them and act upon them without rancor.

▸▸*Effects of His Death*

MR. MORROW'S DEATH brought a sense of shock and of personal loss to millions —testimony to his quickly acquired grip on the public mind. Republicans without number wished him to lead their party in 1932 and, though their hopes were destined to be dashed, it was not only possible but probable that he would have been the Republican nominee for President in 1936. His death is a grave blow to his party. It will be keenly felt next year, when, it had been expected, his ability to make the best of a bad case would save innumerable votes. Long known for the calibre of its captains, the Republican party, with Longworth and Morrow both lost to it, has surprisingly few leaders left. It is strange to think that there is now no group of active Republican leaders comparable to Smith, Roosevelt, Baker, Young and Ritchie.

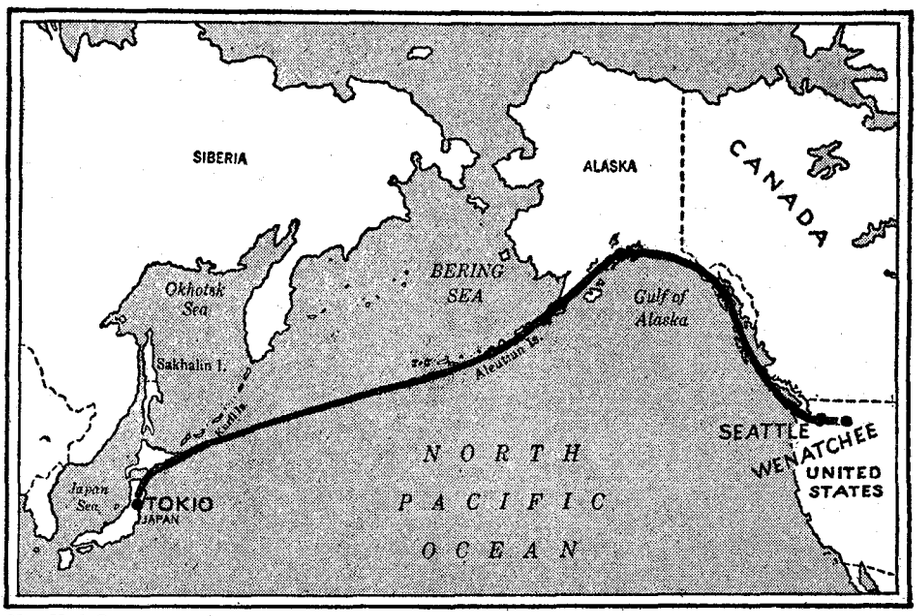
The death of Mr. Morrow is also a loss to the movement against prohibition, which, however, depends less on personalities than on principles and hence will not be seriously impeded. More serious is the loss to the Senate and to the state he represented therein. Some observers, who did not understand him, were irked to note that Mr. Morrow's votes in the Senate were strictly conservative, displaying none of his reputed liberality. But, though Morrow was more a conservative than a liberal, strictly speaking he was neither; he was, in a sense, a neutral. "I think almost all innovations fail to accomplish the good their proponents have in mind," he said, "and fail to accomplish the harm that their opponents fear." It was his habit to stand aside and study a question and then, entering the discussion himself, make it seem as if it had never been discussed before. He even succeeded in doing so with the thrice-vexed subject of prohibition. His courageously expressed conclusion, it will be recalled, was that the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed.

When Mr. Morrow was elected Senator in 1930 we said that he was one of the best equipped men to enter public life in a generation. The death of such a man is a national tragedy.

▸▸*Episcopal Divorce Law*

IT IS doubtful that either progressive or standpat members will be satisfied with the canon on marriage and divorce adopted by the Episcopal Church at its recent convention in Denver. The new canon represents a compromise between conservatives and liberals. The conservatives would perpetuate the church ban against the remarriage of any divorced person except the innocent party in a divorce granted for adultery. The liberals would permit the remarriage of any divorced person on the approval of an ecclesiastical court. The latter position is that of the commission on marriage which reported to the Denver convention after studying the subject for six years.

Since the remarriage of divorced persons will be made easier by the new canon, the liberals have won a point. But since the church maintains its old prohibitions, the conservatives have won a point also. This is not the paradox it seems to be. The explanation lies in the provision regarding annulments. The canon permits any person divorced in a civil court to apply to a Bishop or ecclesiastical court to have his marriage declared null and void; if the request is granted he may be remarried within the church precisely as if he had never been married at all. Contrary to the general belief, the nine specified grounds for annulment—consanguinity, impotence, venereal disease, insanity and so on—constitute nothing new in Episcopal canon law. The new canon does not create these grounds, but simply emphasizes them and so encourages members to have resort to them. Annulments on such grounds had always been permissible, but this was not well known. As Bishop Page of Michigan lately pointed out, most Episcopal Bishops and Chancellors, to say nothing of the clergy and laity, had been "in practical ignorance as



New York Sun
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SAMUSHIRO TO WENATCHEE
Route followed by Herndon and Pangborn on their transpacific flight

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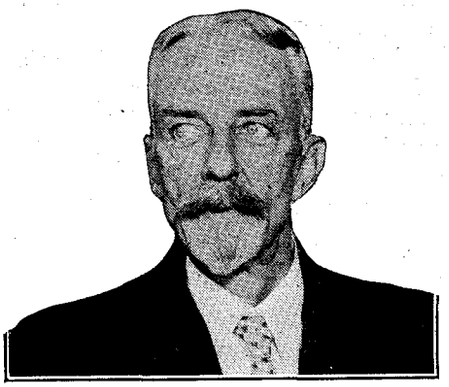
to what the law of the church is in regard to the annulment of marriage." They will be ignorant no longer, now that the grounds for annulment have been listed in the new canon and widespread publicity has attended its adoption.



International

PSHAW, DR. SHAW
Can't we even whistle in the dark?

So it may be taken for granted that the annulment provisions will be utilized more frequently hereafter. This, one fears, will lead to serious abuses. Since a marriage may be annulled by an ecclesiastical court on the testimony of the plaintiff alone, without the appearance of the defendant, a premium would seem to be set on mendacity and on libelous assertions against the former spouse. Eventually, it seems probable, the church will abandon its present compromise as unsatisfactory and frankly permit the remarriage of worthy divorced persons. Until then, its canon law will fail to coincide with the best civil law and with the customs of its most liberal and intelligent members.

▸▸*As to Whistling*

DR. CHARLES G. SHAW, who started the whistling war, is tired of it. He is willing to let every one in the world whistle if every one will stop bothering him. Dr. Shaw, you will recall, is the New York University professor who said that persons who whistle are morons, inferior and maladjusted individuals who seek to conceal their inferiority with puckered lips and impromptu music.

The statement brought a deluge of protest. Dr. Shaw held his headlines for a solid week. Now, harassed by telephone calls and fagged out with opening his mail and pasting up his press clippings, he blames everything on the depression. He says that people were so tired of reading serious stuff about the plight of the world that they seized his unimportant remark about whistling as a momentary relief from the stress and strain of life. But now he doesn't want to talk any more about whistling. He says he is bored.

Perhaps he is, though it's hard to believe it. Professor Shaw has made a hobby of headline-fishing. Once he publicly anounced that cross-word puzzle addicts had inferior mentalities. Another time he walked from Philadelphia to New York "to clear his mind of worry." And so on. He is said to have collected twenty large scrap-books of newspaper clippings about himself during the last ten years. If he yawns now, he does not yawn alone. Whistlers may be morons. But, oh, for an equally neat term to label college professors who make trivial but argument-provoking statements, weight them with psychological hocus-pocus, toss them as bait to news editors, and so, *so* wearily deprecate the results!

▸▸*Plea for Charity*

IN HIS encyclical of October 2 Pope Pius invoked the "most beautiful of commandments"—the commandment of charity—pleading for generous contributions to overcome the effects of "the grave pecuniary embarrassment, the financial crisis, which has descended upon every people and with steady, frightening progress is bringing unemployment to every land." His message should be of particular interest in America, for it is an appeal not for state charity but for private charity, which is—or is generally assumed to be—the distinguishing feature of the American relief system.

As a matter of fact, the rôle of private aid, as contrasted with government aid, in the United States has been exaggerated. It is estimated that about two-thirds of all expenditures for relief work last winter came, not from private individuals, but from city and county governments. Nevertheless, if private relief is less important in America than is usually believed, it is still more important here than in most other countries, which depend on state aid almost exclusively, and it is far more highly valued. As for us, we have our doubts of it, since, in effect, it means imposing a private tax for private relief activities not on the solvent but simply on the generous, who are then taxed again to pay for public relief work. Yet we willingly admit that our doubts are not widely shared and that this private element in our relief system is usually considered precious. Plainly, it will get the test of its life this winter. If it is to retain its present importance through the cold weather, if it is not to be superseded by public relief, it must be warmly and widely supported. This means that Americans who favor private aid must be more generous than most of them imagine. For, from whatever source the relief comes, come it must and will.

▸▸*King Coal Sick*

THE soft-coal industry is still in a wretched state. The fact is emphasized afresh in the survey of Harlan County, Kentucky, by Louis Stark, labor expert of the New York *Times*. Harlan, Kentucky's second richest county, is but sixty miles across the Cumberland mountains from Elizabethton, Tennessee, where in 1928 Mr. Hoover held out high hopes for "the final abolition of poverty." In Harlan Mr. Stark now finds destitution, beggary, violence verging on civil war and even threats of revolution when winter comes.

The coal operators are fighting for profits, the miners for wages. Wage reductions have been followed by strikes, discharges, criminations and recriminations. The operators have resorted to special deputies, armed guards and strike-breakers, to the control of Harlan's political and judicial machinery, to the eviction of miners from company homes and the withholding of food at company stores. The miners have turned wher-

Wide World

ISSUES ENCYCLICAL
Pope Pius XI issues world-wide appeal for charity

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ever they could, first to the United Mine Workers Union, an A. F. of L. affiliate, then to the Communist National Miners Union and not infrequently to their guns. Property of operators and unions alike has been dynamited, guerrilla warfare has raged and one pitched battle alone has produced four deaths of the season's dozen. Wholesale arrests for murder and the thwarting of unionization movements by force and legalistic twists have continually embittered the conflict.

Nor is the disease confined to Harlan. The soft-coal industry is sick in all its members. "Change Harlan County to Hazard or Bell and Kentucky to Virginia, West Virginia, Alabama and Tennessee," says Mr. Stark, "and the general features of King Coal—a very sick monarch indeed—will remain clear and visible."

So it has been for years. The coal industry was hard hit in booming 1929, hard hit long before that. The depression has merely aggravated its woes. The present need, therefore, is not only to relieve the present misery but also to straighten the industry out by giving it a thorough overhauling from top to bottom. Just how this is done is of secondary importance. What is of first importance is that it be done at once. One method might be for Mr. Hoover to summon a conference of operators and miners to undertake a study of fundamentals and of means to set them aright. It is a tangled problem, involving freight rates, over-production, inefficient mining, antiquated sales methods and cut-throat competition, to say nothing of feudalistic operators, stupid workmen and blundering labor leaders. Possibly the solution will necessitate the amendment of the anti-trust laws. Whatever it necessitates, it must be found and applied. If Mr. Hoover does not take steps to find and apply it, then such steps should be taken by Congress.

▸▸*Toward Consolidation*

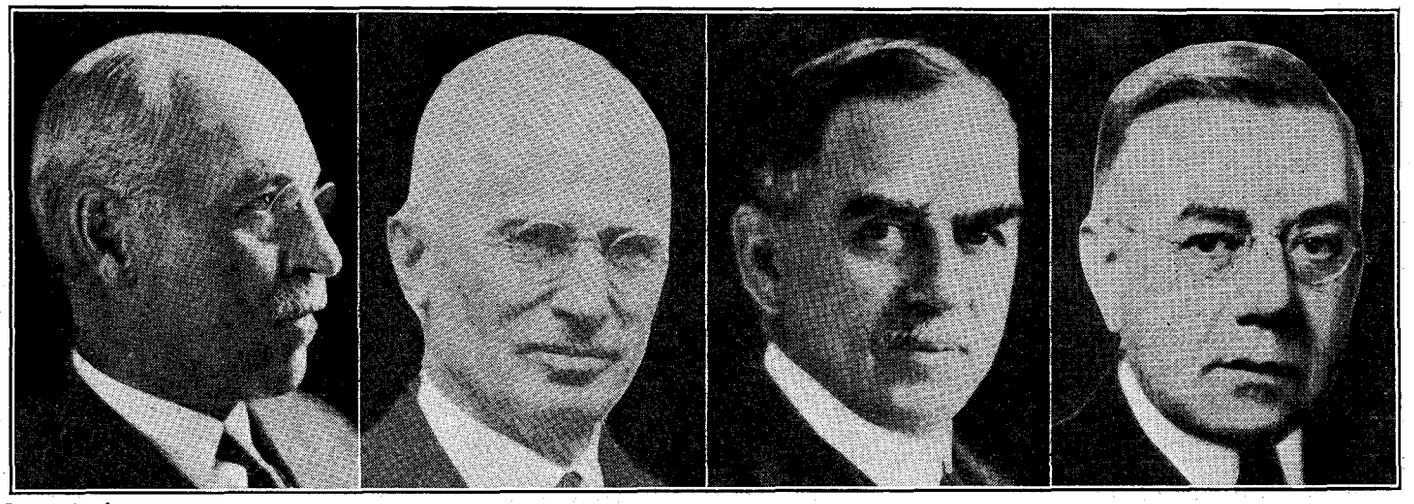
THOUGH you may be asked to, do not believe that business will be stimulated by the merger application submitted to the Interstate Commerce Commission by the four dominant Eastern railroads—the Baltimore & Ohio, Chesapeake & Ohio, Pennsylvania and New York Central. The depression cannot be mitigated by the approval of their petition for the grouping of all eastern railroads, save those in New England, into four systems headed by themselves. The plan has no more relation now to the revival of business than it had last December 30 when President Hoover announced that the four railroads had agreed upon it in principle.

Mr. Hoover then saw in the consolidation plan "a contribution to the recovery of business by enlarging opportunity for employment and by increasing the financial stability of all the railroads." Since then, however, business and employment have lost rather than recovered ground. As for the "financial stability" of the railroads, it can be estimated, first, by their pending application to the I. C. C. for higher freight rates—which, they say, are necessary to save their credit—and, secondly, by the fall in the market value of railroad securities, carrying stocks in these four Eastern railroads from an average of $70 on December 30, 1930, to one of $36 on October 3, 1931.

As a panacea for the depression, railway consolidation fails for the reasons we pointed out nine months ago. While it might increase efficiency—for instance, by straightening the main lines from New York to Chicago—it would not increase the amount of freight to be hauled. Moreover, increasing efficiency might result in decreasing employment, though the tendency would be in the contrary direction if consolidation should make for improvement of run-down lines and further electrification. But the real rub comes in the time element: consolidation cannot be effected in time to ameliorate the present unemployment crisis. To be sure, the railroad petition represents the most important and definite step taken toward consolidation since the task of achieving it was shouldered upon the Interstate Commerce Commission by the transportation act of 1920. For the first time the key railroads of the East are ready to go ahead. But many steps have yet to be taken. For the present, the Commission can do no more than to approve the petition in principle—if it does that. The four systems must then acquire the properties they have allocated to themselves. Thereupon the Commission must examine each acquisition individually to determine whether it squares with the public interest and whether its terms are fair and reasonable. Even if there are no hitches, the negotiations, hearings and decisions will require considerable time. If business recovery waits for railway consolidation it will have a wretchedly long wait.

▸▸*Hypothetical Economy*

ONCE again the Administration has cut naval expenditures to the bone without penetrating the skin. The effect of this magical operation, so solemnly whooped up in the newspapers, is to convince the electorate that stringent economy is being practiced by the Administration—the Administration which closed the fiscal year ended June 30, 1931, with a $900,-



International

THE BIG FOUR

Presidents Atterbury, Willard, Crowley and Bernet of the Pennsylvania, B. & O., New York Central and C. & O. railroads

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000,000 deficit and is now heading toward another of at least $1,500,000,000, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1932. If you missed the Washington dispatches of late September and early October you missed it all—Mr. Hoover's courageous slashes, Mr. Hoover's naval holiday, Mr. Hoover's savings—running to $150,000,000 in the more imaginative stories—and even Mr. Hoover's threat to go before the country with his battle against the Big Navy men. Despite all the ballyhoo, however, it all boils down to little more than a theoretical reduction in a hypothetical appropriation.

The facts do not show that a penny will be cut from naval expenditures for the current fiscal year. At best Mr. Hoover's economy measures will not take effect until the year beginning next July 1. Even then they will not pinch the navy very hard. All he is asking is that the naval budget for 1932-33 be brought down to $340,000,000—i.e., that the navy spend $20,000,000 less in 1932-33 than it is spending in 1931-32. It is by comparing the $340,000,000 naval budget desired by Mr. Hoover with the $400,000,000 budget supposedly desired at one time by the Navy Department that Administration supporters are juggling this saving of $20,000,000 into one of $60,000,000. But no amount of juggling can conceal the facts that more money will be spent for naval construction in 1932-33 than is being spent this year and that the saving of $20,000,000 will come, if it does come, from decommissioning ships, reducing personnel, buying less material and taking advantage of lower prices.

The merit of cutting naval expenditures for men, materials and operation depends on the destination of the money saved. If it is used for public works the economy might be defensible, since as many jobs might then be created as naval economy would destroy. But if it is not used for this or some other form of unemployment relief, if the Administration plans to throw more men out of work simply to cut $20,000,000 from the deficit, there is nothing to be said for it whatever.

▶▶*Birth of a Slogan*

In his recent *Saturday Evening Post* article declining to run for the Republican nomination for President against Mr. Hoover, Calvin Coolidge made one statement which promises to become a political slogan. At no time, he said, should anything be done to break down the authority of the presidential office, but in times like these the duty of supporting the President comes very close to the duty of supporting the law. Executive Director Lucas of the Republican National Committee used this statement in his radio eulogy of Mr. Hoover on October 3. He and other Republicans doubtless will use it again. In fact, we expect that before the campaign is over it will be employed to answer all charges relating to Mr. Hoover's shortcomings.

But let us leave Mr. Hoover out of it and consider Mr. Coolidge's statement without reference to any particular President. Even if it is directed at Republicans alone, it is, of course, unsound. At any time, but particularly in hard times, the duty of the Republican party is not to support its President automatically, but to expel him if he shows himself incompetent and to nominate the best man within its ranks to succeed him. To reduce Mr. Coolidge's argument to absurdity, assume that a President proved himself to be a thief or a nincompoop. Would it still be the duty of his party to support him?

If Mr. Coolidge means—as Republican spellbinders probably will insist that he means—that it is the duty of Democrats and independents as well as Republicans to support the President automatically, his statement is weaker still. He would certainly not make it if a Democrat were President, nor did he make it during the Administration of Woodrow Wilson. The duty of the electorate as a whole is too plain to be argued. It is to support only Presidents who deserve support and to get rid of the other kind as quickly as possible. Any way you look at it, Mr. Coolidge's statement is untenable. That Republican leaders should be preparing to make campaign material of it indicates that they are as hard up for

Remarkable Remarks

There is no statesman in the United States or in Europe who measures up to Herbert Hoover in his ability to comprehend any situation; he consults politicians less than any executive I have known and accomplishes the greatest results.—Senator Simeon D. Fess.

Miss Harriette W. Porter, Warner, N. H., $5 prize.

The victory of the Republicans in 1928 saved America from a period of hard times compared with which the depression through which we are passing would have seemed like riotous living.—Mrs. Edward Everett Gann.

Joseph Rubin, 3428 E. 123d St., Cleveland, Ohio, $2 prize.

Public officers are not infallible.—Calvin Coolidge.

John P. Egan, 615 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., $2 prize.

Stop talking depression and begin practicing prosperity and then we'll have it.—Carl Laemmle.

Ray W. Frohman, 1181 W. 36th St., Los Angeles, Calif., $2 prize.

Unemployment wouldn't be so bad if there was good fishing everywhere.—Gov. William (Alfalfa Bill) Murray.

Mrs. Olive M. Hagar, 5540 Pershing Ave., St. Louis, Mo., $2 prize.

There is no more drinking amongst the members of the Legion than amongst ministers.—Brig. Gen. John V. Clinnin.

Garrett J. Hardin, 7625 Essex Ave., Chicago, Ill., $2 prize.

A man has a better chance of life in this country with her bandits than he has in Britain with her brewers.—Evangeline Booth.

Mrs. Cassie Williams, 6710-B Middleton St., Huntington Park, Cal., $2 prize.

No one in the Prohibition Bureau has any reason to be discouraged.—Commissioner A. W. Woodcock.

J. Philip Howard, Hubbardston, Mass., $2 prize.

The public wants Mae West.—Mae West.

Frances Gelfer, 15 Electric St., Patchogue, N. Y., $2 prize.

A man can love more than one woman at the same time. He can divide his affections and yet feel absolute loyalty to both women.—Gary Cooper.

A. L. Vandermast, Zearing, Iowa, $2 prize.

Conditions governing the Remarkable Remarks contest will be found on page 224

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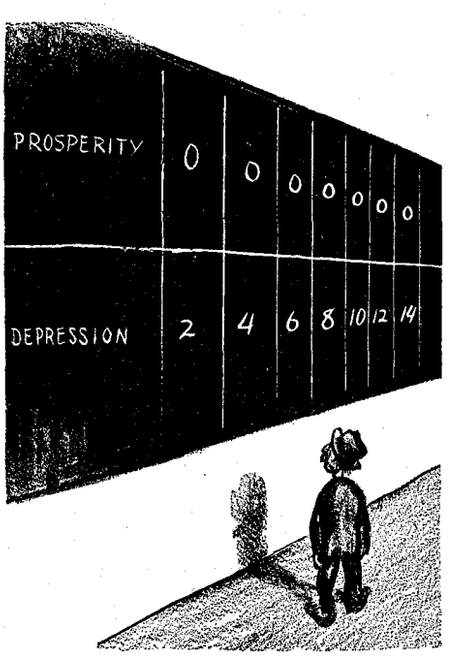
arguments this year as Democratic leaders have been in years gone by.

No Barometer at All

DEMOCRATS are claiming too much, Republicans conceding too much, as a result of the special election in the rural Seventh District of Missouri. By a very decent plurality, the district has elected a Democrat, Robert D. Johnson, to the seat in Congress made vacant by the death of another Democrat. A district which has gone Democratic in twelve of the last fifteen congressional elections has gone Democratic again. That is all that has happened. Yet in the hands of many commentators the district has been fashioned into a veritable barometer of national politics. Hence we are told that the Democrats have a good chance of winning enough of the six approaching special elections—in Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, Wisconsin, Michigan and Georgia—to control Congress and an excellent chance of victory in the elections of 1932. These things may be true enough, but their truth is certainly not proved, nor is it even indicated, by the special election in Missouri.

In seven of the congressional elections since 1900 the nation has gone as the Seventh Missouri District has gone; in eight of them it hasn't. Obviously, then, the election of a Democrat in the Seventh District tells nothing of the forthcoming special elections for Congress elsewhere. Nor can the district be called a barometer for the presidential election next year unless its votes in off-years—years when there is no presidential election—have tallied with the nation's subsequent votes for President. They haven't tallied at all. While the Seventh District has gone Democratic in every off-year since the century began, the nation has gone Democratic in but two of the seven presidential elections of that period. As the Seventh Missouri District goes, so goes the Seventh Missouri District. That is all one can say.



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

ANOTHER SCOREBOARD

The McAdoo Boomlet

"FUTILE 1. Useless; vain; as, a futile struggle. 2. Of no importance; trifling; frivolous; as, *futile* talk.—Syn. See VAIN." Or, apologies to Webster, see the October caucus at Chevy Chase of the United Democratic Law Enforcement Clubs of Maryland, which endorsed William G. McAdoo for the Democratic nomination for President after its president, Mrs. Jessie W. Nicholson, had termed him "the only Democrat thus far mentioned who has a ghost of a chance to win in 1932." Or, see the article in the September 30 issue of the *Christian Century* wherein Wayne C. Williams, a Denver lawyer, declares: "If there is any real hope for the dry Democrats it is in Mr. McAdoo. Were he now to sound a call to battle the whole situation would be changed in an instant. His reluctance again to take definite leadership is the one thing that gives the wet Democrats such an apparent lease of power. Should this gifted and brilliant champion (of progressivism as well as prohibition) again assume leadership there would be a new day for democracy."

Alas for these good people! in the realm of practical politics their hero is now as dead as so much burned-over timber. Mr. McAdoo was not strong enough to win the Democratic nomination in 1924 when the drys had the party in a stranglehold. What chance has he of winning it now that the drys have lost their grip? The Democratic nomination will certainly go to a wet in 1932 as it did in 1928. By 1928 McAdoo was as outmoded as Bryanism; today he is but a walking monument to a hopelessly lost cause.

Funds for Democrats

THE POSITION of the Democratic party is not a little ironical as Chairman Raskob of the National Committee sets out to raise another great campaign fund. The plan seems to be to secure $1,500,000 within the next few months—half of it to wipe out the $750,000 indebtedness still left over from 1928 and half to bring the party up to and through the convention and the period immediately following. The party's goal thereafter is $4,500,000, as compared with the previous high mark of $4,000,000, reached in 1928. The ironical feature is that the very factor which most definitely encourages contributions is also the one which most effectively discourages them. It is the depression. Having enhanced the Democrats' chance to win in 1932, hence enhanced their chance of securing a sizeable campaign fund, the depression has also reduced the financial resources of potential contributors. A noticeable upturn of business would be just the thing to help the Democrats to get their money. But it is just what the Democratic politicians fear, since it would brighten Republican prospects.

Keystone

LABOR'S GENERALISSIMO
William Green, President of American Federation of Labor

In Brief

"JUST 2,500 POLICEMEN can clean up any city in the United States," says Major Smedley D. Butler. The number of policemen in Philadelphia, which General Butler abjectly failed to clean up, was, at last accounts, about 5,000 . . . . Specialists have discovered that it will be necessary for the federal government to increase income taxes. Hitherto this fact had been known only by non-specialists. . . . "Our experiences since we left Long Island so long ago to circle the globe would fill a book," says Hugh Herndon. "Some time, perhaps, they will." No doubt, Mr. Herndon, no doubt. . . . Before Mr. Coolidge's article was written no sensible person believed that he would oppose Mr. Hoover in 1932. Now that it has appeared, no such person believes that he will.

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▸▸ Nothing "Radical" Here ◂◂

EVEN ALARMISTS will find little to disquiet them in the plans proposed to the Federation of Labor by its Council at Vancouver during the early part of the week. Just at this particular time, new and radical ideas might be supposed to find favor in the ranks of working men, if anywhere. Yet the seven points laid down in the Federation's long range program are as follows:

That President Hoover call a national conference of employers and labor to discuss how all workers may share in available employment.

That a five-day week and shorter workday be inaugurated immediately.

That wage structure and wage standards be maintained.

A guarantee that all now employed shall be assured of their positions and that work be shared equitably by all through spreading of work time.

Prohibition of child labor and employment of adults.

Stabilization of industry, especially those branches seasonal in character, by carrying on improvements during slack periods.

Application of a more scientific plan of industrial production so that a stable balance may be maintained and production carried on systematically over longer periods.

Considering the interests of labor and the condition of widespread unemployment which confronts it, could anything be less startling?

▸▸ TRUE, both William Green and the Federation Council gave expression to fighting words. Said the Council: "Workingmen have arrived at the point where they are firmly of the belief that they are as much entitled to work security, to enjoy the opportunity to work, as the owners of capital are to returns from their investments. Labor demands that these principles be recognized and accepted by the employers of labor . . . ."
Said Mr. Green: "If they won't give it in wages, we must take it in taxes. This is no time to indulge in mere generalities or denunciations. We must offer remedies that will stand analysis. We differ from the Communists and other propagandizing groups. They have vaporous projects. We are dealing with the practical purpose of helping millions of men and women. We are fighting to raise their standard of life and living to a higher plane."
Yet, where compulsory unemployment insurance is concerned, the Council declared against it. "It is the opinion of the Executive Council that compulsory unemployment legislation such as is now in effect in Great Britain and Germany would be unsuited to our economic and political requirements here and unsatisfactory to American working men and women." And instead of calling for revolution and a new industrial scheme, Mr. Green called for beer, describing it as the "spark" which would "exhilarate industry and lift us out of the depression just as the automobile took us out of the bad times of 1921."

▸▸ IT MAY BE, of course, that the failure of the program of the Federation to present anything radically new is due to the extraordinary difficulty the basic industrial problem presents, as well as to the difficulty of finding a quick panacea at this late date. Every one has begun to recognize now that the patient can only recover slowly. He cannot regain his health at once. In fact, he is lucky if means are found to stay the disease and overcome the immediate crisis. For these reasons, perhaps the Federation steps cautiously. Yet it does not hesitate to advance the suggestion, contained in its recommendations, that three million employers immediately reëmploy six million workers, disregarding the obvious fact that the six million were laid off, speaking generally, because their employers could no longer pay them without entering the toboggan slide to bankruptcy. Also, under our present economic system, to demand security for workers—the same security which the Federation seems to think investors enjoy—is to speak without due reflection. At present nothing is more uncertain than investments.

▸▸ ONCE SUCH FALLACIES are passed over, however, it is noteworthy that labor's program is little more radical than that put forth by the most conservative capitalists. On the same day when the Federation met in Vancouver the National Chamber of Commerce in Washington also put forward the following points as its suggestions for solving the problem.

1. Limited amendment of the anti-trust laws.
2. Establishment of privately sustained systems of unemployment benefits, based upon definite reserves.
3. The setting up of a national economic council.
4. Local as opposed to national efforts to find jobs for the unemployed.
5. A curb by commodity and security exchanges in manipulative speculation.
6. Every step possible that will lead to international disarmament.
7. Planning and execution of public works.

Making allowance for the natural differences between the two programs, does any fundamental antagonism on essentials, between the two groups, make its appearance? We should say not. The meat of both plans is the effort somehow to stabilize industry along its present lines in this country; somehow to take care of unemployment until the problem can be progressively worked out, but meanwhile to preserve the American economic system. Considering the length of time which the depression has already run, and taking into account the divergent interests of the two groups involved, the conclusion is inescapable that America is going to work out her problems slowly along her own lines without either social cataclysm or radical departures of thought and method. There is ground for considerable business confidence in the fact.

THE EDITORS.

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Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEMOCRATIC oracles, to our mind, were quite correct in the interpretation which they placed upon Calvin Coolidge's $4-a-word proclamation of his purpose not to contest the Republican presidential nomination against Herbert Hoover. Whereas certain over-wise political observers, recalling Mark Sullivan's visit to Plymouth Notch a few months ago, immediately concluded that the Coolidge statement had been wormed out of him by Hooverites, including Mr. Sullivan, we get word that Calvin alone sponsored and wrote the piece which has, for the present, cleared the path for the renomination of "the President in office," as the New Englander referred to his eminent successor. Mr. Coolidge, we are told, sent the article to George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Satevepost*, with the naïve suggestion that maybe it might be worth publication. Thus one of the political sensations of the year.

We do not mean to suggest that the White House has not been praying and conniving for such a statement from Mr. Coolidge. As in 1928, when Calvin's reticence gave conniption fits to the Hoover cohorts, so his silence in the face of demands that he be drafted for 1932 has pained the President and his friends. In their desire to insure Mr. Hoover's renomination they have spared no efforts. Long ago, by catering to Dwight Morrow's pride and newly found political loyalty, they induced him to announce that he would not become a candidate against the President. But always the specter of Calvin Coolidge darkened their outlook, especially as the leaders and rank-and-file would prefer him to Mr. Hoover, in view of the failures of the latter's Administration. Responsible Republican leaders are authority for the statement that, if Mr. Coolidge were to permit his name to go before the convention, the nomination would be his.

Calvin realized this, of course. In fact we happen to know that there has been a steady pilgrimage of politicians to his office urging him to let them begin a campaign on his behalf. William M. Butler, Mr. Coolidge's national chairman, has been one of the leading spirits in the movement to substitute Mr. Coolidge for Mr. Hoover. But Mr. Butler, according to our informants, got no comfort. The former President, whose political canniness has never been questioned, gave not the least sign that he was interested in leading the G. O. P. next year. The only word that has come from him indicates that he does not think much of his party's prospects.

"If the nomination is worth anything," Mr. Coolidge is quoted as saying, "it will go to Mr. Hoover. If it isn't nobody else will want it."

The White House joy over Mr. Coolidge's abdication of something he does not possess is tempered by this same thought. Mr. Hoover, we hear, had many unhappy moments over the sour notes which Calvin struck in his paean

Duffy in Baltimore Sun

"I do not choose to run"

to party loyalty. The former President did not mention Mr. Hoover by name, whereas the White House sycophants had hoped it would be a eulogy of the "President in office." Nor did Mr. Coolidge argue for the reëlection of Mr. Hoover—simply for his renomination. In urging the people to have confidence in the government even though they saw no reason for such a state of mind, Mr. Coolidge gave great pain to the President. We understand that Mr. Hoover, or one of his closest friends, described the Coolidge article as the best example of literary or political understatement he had seen in many years. And so it was. Mr. Coolidge does not like, and never has liked Mr. Hoover. Whatever loyalty Mr. Coolidge has goes to the party and not to the person who happens to be its titular leader. Thus it is that Bob Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, and "Sim" Fess, Republican National Chairman, are sitting up nights in an effort to figure out how they can use the Coolidge article as a campaign document.

The same week that produced the Coolidge pronouncement saw Senator William E. Borah again put away the crown of an independent nomination for the presidency. A few weeks ago, as we recall, the newspapers were full of stories that, at last, the Senator from Idaho might head a third party or make a fight against Mr. Hoover's renomination within the party. These auguries, so far as we can ascertain, were predicated on the Senator's demand for a five-year naval holiday on the part of the world powers which signed the London treaty. This, we were informed, was to be the Idahoan's platform, involving as it does reduced taxes and a host of other economic policies. The Progressives of the West, according to these journalistic prophets, were ready to rally around the Borah standard as a result of their dissatisfaction with the reactionary policies of the Hoover Administration.

The prophets, as usual, were in error. Had they but known it, the Senator's plea for a naval holiday was voiced in response to a certain newspaper's request that he bring his admittedly great influence to bear on public opinion and President Hoover.

For twenty years now Mr. Borah has been suggested as a candidate for the presidency, and we would not be surprised if he suffers some disappointment at the thought that it has never got beyond the stage of suggestion. Nevertheless we think we discern a new attitude on the part of the great man from Idaho. He begins to sustain himself, we imagine, with the solacing thought that he exercises a greater influence as a "lone wolf" than any Chief Executive hampered by political and diplomatic considerations can ever enjoy. The Senator is a State, a political entity, in himself. He holds court and conference with the press each afternoon at 3 o'clock, and the importance and attendance are quite as comforting as those which accompany presidential offgivings of news. He still gets telephone calls from the White House begging him to come to lunch and give his advice to the White House occupant.

The next session, we predict, will be Borah's best, and, we understand, perhaps his last. He would like to write a great history of his times and few could record the stirring events of 1906-1931 better than he. Hamlet, in other words, would become a historian rather than an opponent of Herbert Hoover.

A. F. C.

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▸▸ Armenians Are Impossible ◂◂

An Interview with Lawrence of Arabia

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Lincoln Steffens describes his interview with Lawrence of Arabia as "the queerest I ever had in all my interviewing life." Apparently the man who helped create the Kingdom of Irak remained as mysterious in intimate conversation as he did in the press reports of his political activities. "I offer the curiosity," writes Mr. Steffens, "as I wrote it at the time [in Paris during the Peace Conference in 1919] and I'll have to leave it to those who read it to guess what it's all about, if anything"

COL. T. E. LAWRENCE
Reproduced from a drawing by Augustus John in "The Revolt in the Desert" by courtesy of Doubleday, Doran & Co.

It was my interview. It was in his room, at his hotel, but I had asked for it, and my purpose was to learn from this Imperial pioneer something about the practical politics of Asia Minor and the Near East. And I thought I was directing the course of the conversation. It only occurred to me afterwards, with some shock, that he also had had a purpose, and that his purpose was to load me up with British propaganda for the American mandate over the Armenians. That was what I found I had. Other things, too, but I was amazed and not a little humiliated to discover that I had chiefly reasons—reasons which appealed to me, a self-determinist in theory—why we Americans should go halfway around the world to take charge of the Armenians and not only save them from the Turks, Greeks, French, Italians, British and themselves, but, somehow, to save ourselves from ourselves and them.

He said, for example, that the Armenians were "the last word in human impossibility." They correspond, as a race, with "the last man" in academic debate. To an under-dog fancier like me, the undermost dog among nations had, and it has, an irresistible fascination. And I said so.

English humor is not like ours. It's the opposite. American humor consists, in part, at least, in what is said; the British in what a Britisher doesn't say. This Briton obviously liked heartily what I said. I thought he was going to laugh with joy—or something; he swelled up till he looked like the British Empire; as if about to burst. But he didn't burst; he didn't laugh; he didn't say anything that showed the slightest sign of humor. All he said, after a long pause, was:

"Right-o."

And then, after another pause, when he had recovered his self-determination, he spoke seriously, rather dully, in fact, of our American idealism. He thought it fine; I thought he thought it a bit too fine. We Americans were too idealistic. And he thought the Armenians too practical. We were correctives, the one on the other, therefore; we were a cure for them, they for us; both desperate cases, especially the Armenians.

I gathered that he had some inexpressible sympathy or—let me rather say—some knowledge or experience of the Armenians that gave him a human understanding for the Turks (and all the other near neighbors of the Armenians), who are forever trying to kill off this orphan race. He seemed to think that was the only thing to do to the Armenians. He didn't say so. You may observe that I do not quote this authority very freely. The reason is that his method was, apparently, not to say anything himself, but to get me to say the things he wished to have printed in such a form that he could, if necessary, deny them. So he did not say that the Armenians should all be killed off. He only gave me the impression, at the time, that that was the sole solution of the Armenian problem; and that that was his reason for desiring us Americans to take on the job.

He felt, or he made me feel, that the Turks shouldn't do it; they were too rough and ready—and not Christians. Nor the Greeks; they enjoyed it too much and were inefficient; they never finish anything, and when their aesthetic pleasure in the killing of Armenians was sated they quit. And so with all the other old, rival races. They stopped work before all the Armenians were dead. Even when they all went at the task together, they invariably left a couple here and a couple there: Adams and Eves who, the moment one's back was turned, bred and bred and bred so that the next time one visited Armenia there were the Armenians as before, millions and millions of them, all meek and lowly, but busy by day at business and at night secretly breeding and slyly spreading and spreading and—

He spread all over me his Malthusian despair and such a dread of the Armenians that I was about to swallow whole his whole scheme for the American-Armenian mandate when my saving American humor gave me pause.

"But why should not the British do this job also?" I asked, and, to warn his sense of humor that I was striving to be not altogether final but funny withal, I smiled. In vain. He had no sense of American humor—I think. He waited for my genial grin to go away and then, when he saw I was alone again and quite serious, he answered me seriously.

A perfect massacre of the Armenians, he reasoned, might make a scandal, if the British did it, and, he explained, though the Empire had withstood some such shocks and must, of course, withstand others, too many more just now might jar it. And the Empire should not be jarred, unnecessarily, just now. The British Empire is the beginning of world government. All our great troubles—wars, revolutions, strikes, plagues, etc.—all came from the fact that the earth as a whole was not governed as a whole. The British will end this anarchism some day. But the Empire is young as yet, comparatively small, weak and overburdened. Think of the islands, colonies, strategic points, seas and trade routes—all the new burdens and responsibilities thrown upon the British Empire by the defeat of German Imperialism! No. The

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Empire must be spared for the present. Later, when the freedom of the seas is put ashore, so to speak; when British rule is extended from the wave to the land, all lands, then Great Britain could, and it would, go forth gladly to meet a shock like the one I—he said I—was proposing in Armenia; but not yet, not now; not in the infancy of the Empire.

Moreover, he conveyed, British Imperialism, at this stage, was interested rather in natural resources than in peoples as such. The English are a practical folk; not idealistic, you understand. They realize that a world government must be founded, not like "your" League of Nations, upon ideas and ideals, principles and peoples, but upon solid things—oil, ore, air, the sea.

"But," I argued (and you can see how far he was carrying me on: I argued for his country against my own). "But," I said, "there are rich lands and fat deposits in Armenia."

He was still. He was so still so long that I thought I had floored him; that he had not known about the wealth of Armenia. But I noticed again that tendency to swell and go to pieces. And how I did wish he would laugh! It would have relieved me and him, too, I think. But no, he didn't laugh; he didn't even smile. He just waited till he could and then he reminded me that I had heard, as he said he had, that Armenia was to be divided. The back country, where the natural wealth is, was to be cut off from the front, where there is nothing but Armenians. The American mandate was to be over the Armenians; some other ally —not the British, but another equally practical power—was to get Armenia.

"But," I objected, "what is the use of the natural wealth of a country without the people to work it? Mines, oil deposits, fat lands—natural resources," I explained patiently to him, "are no good to Capital without Labor to dig and develop them. And the natives of a country are the natural labor thereof; the cheapest, the most obedient, the least organized, the best."

He was bored, I could see, but he was polite; he listened, so I gave him examples, one after the other, from the American as well as from the British colonies, to show him that it was a mistake to separate the people of a country from the resources of that country. They must be worked together, developed together, and—they were usually. There was no other way. I pictured to him the helplessness of the Turks or the French bankers, or any non-working people, trying to get out the riches of Armenia without the Armenians. And I wound up with what struck me as a very good line.

"I am crying," I cried, "not idealistically, not 'Armenia for the Armenians' but practically 'the Armenians for Armenia.' "

He looked me up and down with interest, I thought; as if he were getting some new view of us Americans. I had told him he didn't know us, and he had declared that he did.

"Any conscious Englishman," I remember he said, "can understand any unconscious American."

Just what he meant by that I don't quite see, but it was remarks like that which gave me the uneasy impression that he had got us all wrong, and I had made up my mind to show him before he was through with me that we Americans are not all such sheer idealists as he and most Europeans seemed to have inferred from the one example of President Wilson and the 14. But he was too long and too silent in his study of me. I began to feel that he was finding some fault in me or us. Perhaps I had leaned too far toward the practical side; I recalled how he disapproved of the Armenians for that. I hedged, therefore. I spoke more idealistically again and, I trust, patriotically.

"If we Americans took over the Armenians," I declared, "we would do it for their good. We should govern them always with the idea of making them fit to govern themselves."

"Yes, yes, we understand all that," he said. But I felt that he didn't, so I went right on with my syllogism.

"Well, then," I said tactfully, "you must see also that to that end: to make the Armenians fit to govern themselves, we should have to make them work. And since you cannot work a people without something to work them on, we should need the mines and the land of Armenia; not to get the riches out of them, but as a training ground whereon to teach the people industry, thrift and —all the Christian virtues which go into the making of good men and good citizens."

He looked puzzled, swollen. I didn't know what was the matter with him till he decided at last to express himself.

"There's no lack of thrift in the Armenians," he said dryly, "and, of course, you know that they are Christians, arch Christians?"

Of course I knew that. I had merely, in my enthusiasm, forgotten it for the moment. He had me there, however, so I backed up on work and I stuck—and I stick—to work.

"But," I said, "the Armenians must work. That is the secret of success, whether for an individual or a nation—work, hard work. And the Armenians must have Armenia to work on."

"Armenians won't work," he said. "That is the trouble with your plan and that is the trouble with the Armenians. That is the trouble, really, with all these old races that have been civilized, learned the game and, having once dominated the world and worked it, have lost control, gone back, as you say; or, as I say, carried on. They have gone forward logically, psychologically, physiologically. They do not care for hard labor. It is that which distinguishes them from the childlike, truly backward nations you Americans have had to do with. Primitive peoples are merely lazy. They can be forced forward, worked, developed, exploited, if you please. There is some hope for them; some use. But these forward peoples, the ex-civilized nations—they are not lazy. They are too intelligent to work for others. They are exploiters themselves, instinctive, inbred, incorrigible, hopeless.

"All nations are breeding men. They talk about developing their countries, but it's the other way around: their countries are developing them. And the old nations show the kind of men the new nations are making. These old peoples are the result of evolution. You can see on the shores of the Mediterranean what you are selecting, breeding, evolving at home, now. The living among the old races here are the survivors of a civilization, commercial in character, like yours."

"Ours," I corrected, to get the English into it. He drove right over me.

"You new nations have got to learn from the old peoples," he repeated, "that the modern representatives of the ex-great and ex-famous nations are the inevitable, the natural products of the

This Week's Contributors

Lincoln Steffens' birthplace was San Francisco. He received his education in California and at various continental universities. He is a veteran newspaperman, magazine editor, and contributor. Mr. Steffens has achieved fame as an interviewer and an author. At present his "Autobiography" is being widely read.

Margaretta Newell was born in Carthage, Missouri, and is a graduate of Vassar College. She has had wide experience as a teacher in girls' boarding schools and is at present devoting herself to writing. Miss Newell is a sister of Emily Newell Blair, who has contributed frequently to the Outlook.

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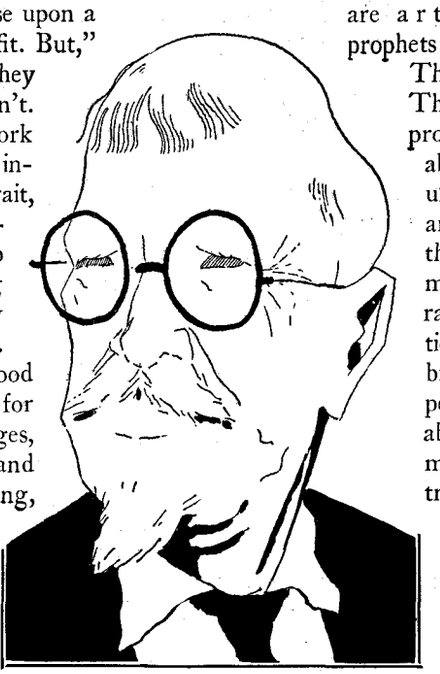
artificial selection of an order of society which imprisons the courageous, deports the original, depresses the mass, discourages any sort of variation from the average of the species and preserves the meek, mean, sly, shrewd and thrifty. For these are the commercially fit. The modern Greeks are the direct heirs and their unpleasant characteristics are the enduring traits descended from the ancient Greek culture—as the old Greeks actually practised it; not as the great, exceptional Greeks talked and sang and carved it, but as the average Greeks practised it in business—the Greeks, I mean, who sentenced Socrates to death. The Egyptians, as we British inherit them, are the great-great-great little grandchildren of Egyptian culture, the belated answer to the riddle of the Sphinx which their great-grandfathers raised up so beautifully out of their childlike labor. The Arab of today is the dust of the desert dried by the arts, the customs, the business of ancient, glorious Arabia—"

He stopped another protest of mine, anticipating it: "The Greeks of old, and the Egyptians, the Syrians, the Turks and the rest, they had their geniuses too—their poets and artists, their generals who conquered backward peoples and captains of industry who gave them employment, and they had their own Labor also. But the picked breeds, the aristocracies, plutocracies did not last. Their descendants did not descend, they didn't even survive. The children of the successful, of the rich, of the powerful, the privileged, went to the dogs, and they will with you. And the succeeding generations of Labor, overworked, underfed, dispirited and disciplined, reduced to dull slaves, died or were killed off. It was the middle class that proved and proves fit to survive in that sort of organization of society, the lower middle class. So you have all the ancient world peopled now with practically nothing but business men, little business men—merchants, traders, shopkeepers, money-lenders, peddlers, non-producers. They will buy and sell, and, descended from buyers and sellers, selected through many generations of commercial competition, they buy and sell well. They can and they do go anywhere in the world to trade; not to create, not to organize, build, plan and labor. Their brothers who did those things are the childless dead. No, only the merest, shrewdest traders live and them we find everywhere beating their way. I have met Arabs in the Straits Colonies, South America,—peddling, trading, getting rich. And as for the Syrians, Greeks, Armenians—

"And Jews," I suggested. He ignored me.

"My old peoples," he said, "will go anywhere where there are workers to work, venturing slyly, suffering meekly, saving money, working. Yes, they work. They work as a laborer won't work. They work as only a business man will work—long, hard, close upon a narrow margin of profit. But," he distinguished, "they will not labor. They can't. They cannot see 'work for wages.' It is an instinct with them, a trait, an intelligence developed as we develop pointing in a pointer dog and setting in a setter, by successful selection. They know in their blood that it is no use working for wages, even high wages, if you want to get on and be rich. There is nothing, there can be nothing but a bare living in any possible wage-scale—no interest, no capital, no compound progress. They don't say this; it's too obvious to them; they live it. They are wise as only an old race can be wise—to the game. They see from the moment they open their puppy eyes that it is absurd to labor to produce wealth. The thing to do is to watch and wait till the wealth is produced and then, somehow, to get it from the producers. And they know how to do this as an animal knows the animal business and a plant knows the vegetable business—by instinct. So they will practise medicine, law—any profession which, like a business, gets a variable share of the finished, final, coined form of the commonwealth after the common people have made it. But to go out and by the sweat of the brow to dig up and manufacture the raw stuffs of the earth into marketable commodities—no. The old peoples hate to do that and, as for your Armenians—they simply won't."



LINCOLN STEFFENS

He rested, watching me and, seeing that I wasn't watching him, he slipped me some more of his propaganda. "The Armenians," he said, "are the most intelligent, the most perfectly selected, the most highly developed race in the world—from the civilized point of view."

I named my candidate again.

"The Jews?" he echoed. "You spoke of them before, and I was gratified. It showed that you were getting an inkling of what I was trying to say about old races. The Jews are the most familiar example to an untraveled person of an old, shrewd, intelligent people, and, yes, they are instinctive exploiters. They drive at second-hand wealth. But they will work. They hate to, but they can be made to work. And worse still, they are creative, inventive, sentimental. There are artists, philosophers, prophets among them still. They are imperfect. They are an unfinished product of civilization, about half-done. I understand why they are feared and hated; they have some of the mental superiority of race-age. But, to mention Jews in the same breath with the old peoples I am talking about is absurd. Why, my old races drove or traded your Jews out of their own country. They can't live on the Arabs, Syrians, Egyptians. They do well in England, they get rich in France and Germany, and, of course, in the United States, they—yes, yes. But the Chinese, for example, the Chinese absorb Jews as a whale does little fishes; our own Scotch skin them alive; so do the Arabs, Turks, Greeks and, as for the Armenians—

"Jews," he said, taking breath, "the Jews themselves feel about Armenians the way the anti-Semitic Europeans feel about the Jews; and so do the Greeks, Turks—all the other races that have ever had them on them. They feel that the Armenians would put them all to work. And they would. The Armenians are all that the Jews are, plus all that all the other races are—and they are Christians besides!"

He halted, not for words, I take it—an educated Englishman has plenty of English. It was more as if he were balking at the conclusion which he preferred to have me jump at rather than to have it to quote from him. And when I didn't jump, he went on, dully, to give me another chance.

"The Armenians," he said, "must not have Armenia, not the back lands. They would not work them themselves, not even for themselves. They want them, yes, but only to own. They would not even do the work of organizing the work of development. They would let them

(Continued on Page 222)

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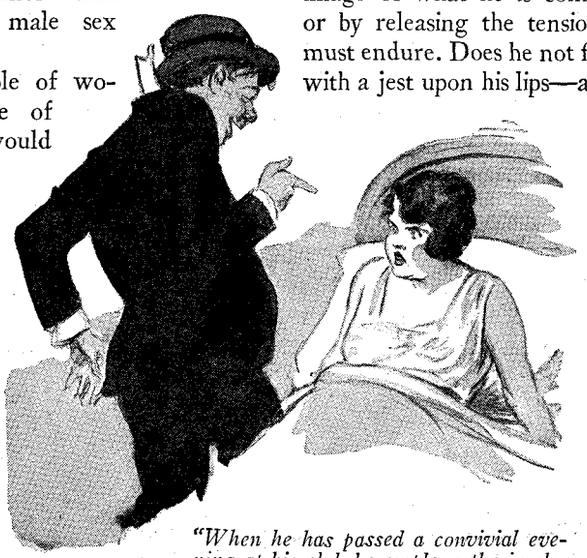
Are Women Humorous?

By MARGARETTA NEWELL

FEMINISTS, determined to be the equals of men, writhe under a sense of inferiority well-nigh intolerable when confronted by the assertion that our sex lacks humor. By some the charge is indignantly denied, while others strive to *prove* that women can enjoy a joke, that they are upon occasion even witty.

This seems to me futile. To my mind the sensible course for those of us who are sensitive about our sex's reputation in this matter is to investigate the reasons for the female lack of humor, to find out what makes us duller than the dullest male.

Truth crushed to earth may rise again, but a joke which falls flat cannot be resuscitated after an instant's time. Moreover, a jest will inevitably freeze to death in a chill reception. By reason of this frailty, humor must be unaccountable, spontaneous, unselfconscious. It must be assured at the outset a sympathetic environment. Is it not woman's rôle to be man's helpmeet, to inspire him in every enterprise, to urge him on to each endeavor? With this in view, must she not persuade herself that he is amusing when his aim is such? Does it not follow from this that a man of humorous vein will develop a wit which falls spontaneous from him, nurtured by the mirth which it creates in women? May this not explain the humor that makes the male sex famous?



"When he has passed a convivial evening at his club he employs the irrelevance of humor and undermines the female's position by depriving it of seriousness"

And this rôle of woman, to make of man what he would be, explains why even literal-minded men view themselves as more humorous than women as a whole. What man chooses to say, woman in her urge to be accounted successful with man chooses to applaud. Woman exploits man's vanity in order to afford herself security. Is it any wonder that he assumes with all humility that what he offers for wit is wit, since it raises the laugh by which he tests it? Unfortunately, this building up the tradition of masculine wit to suit her purpose has had far-reaching consequences for the female's sense of humor. Consider how many times women have laughed at the same jokes without betraying the hollowness of their appreciation. Is it not enough to blunt their sense of what is really funny? A woman only knows that she must laugh or fail expectancy. Is it any wonder that she loses track of what she learns to laugh at? If women really had a sense of humor, would not this plight of woman make women smile?

But if it is women who are responsible for the masculine monopoly of wit, it is men who choose the things they joke about. Women, in order to emulate the wit of men, must understand what these things are.

Women have not been called upon to face the dangers of war, to meet the hazards of the sea, to fight fire and flood. The proverbial retreat of woman before the proverbial mouse indicates how little has been expected of her in the way of courage. If the literature of adventure and romance may be believed, it is in the very moment of danger or despair that the hero is more than likely to get off some wisecrack. A jest at such a crisis may preserve man's mental balance and save his reason by serving to distort the image of what he is compelled to face or by releasing the tension of what he must endure. Does he not flirt with death with a jest upon his lips—at least in story—and belittle the horror of his situation in order to attain the courage essential to his manliness? The hero restores to the mother's arms her helpless babe, intercepts the pursuing mad dog, thwarts the anti-social tendencies of the runaway horse, or knocks the timely weapon from some deadly desperado's hand. His opportunities for heroism are countless. While others tremble at their own impotency, he alone is unafraid to act; and when he belittles his heroism by being funny about it he belittles also their fear. Thus by a jest he reveals his fearlessness and marks himself apart from ordinary men. So humor is bound up with courage.

And humor is the gauge of sportsmanship. A man proves an ideal sportsman when he takes defeat with good humor, smiles at his own loss, congratulates his successful opponent with a well-turned joke at his own expense. When women are accused of lacking sportsmanship, does it not amount to charging them with lack of humor? Must we not take comfort from the fact that to the rank and file of women the field of sport is yet as virgin soil?

Again men use humor to insure domestic tranquillity. Who has not witnessed more than one man in the uncomfortable predicament of laughing off some unpleasantness threatening his home? Relying upon his native wit, he employs the irrelevance of humor and undermines the female's position by depriving it of seriousness. Should she persist in gravity in spite of his insistence that it is all a joke, then he countercharges her with wanting a sense of humor. He plays upon the female's urge to be what man would have her be and manages to extricate himself.

Men, then, are witty because women have conspired to put them at their ease; because courage and sportsmanship are gauged by humor; because the male's conception of domestic happiness makes him view with a minimum of seriousness those facts which touch upon domestic life. Hence the humor of the masculine sex.

It cannot be denied that women have failed to make the most of the comic aspects of the domestic scene. Consider the fatuousness of the normal male in the presence of his first grandchild. Or take the incident of the dress-shirt studs. I have seen a strong man bellow with rage at his inability to lay hands upon the elusive dress-shirt studs which have been found blameless in their presumably well-known resting place after thorough search of unlikely places of sequestration. Might this not serve as stimulus to female mirth? Not so, on these occasions the women of his household have cowered in dread until the storm has passed, righteous indignation has been forgotten, and all has been forgiven. Why is it that while the male laughs, tenderly to be sure but nevertheless with mirth, over the scorched pie or fallen cake, the female of the species refrains from laughter

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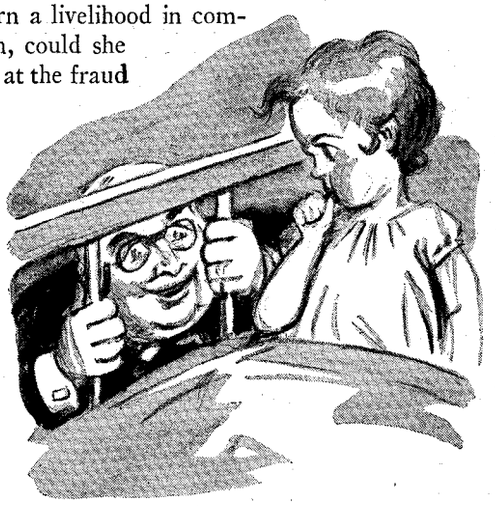
when the joke is turned upon the male? Is it because she does not dare? It is cruel to laugh when a strong man suffers and for a woman to jest at such a time is dangerous. A strong man demands a sympathetic woman as the object of his admiration and by such laughter she proves her want of sympathy. If she is so ill-advised as to indulge in mirth at man's expense, she risks the loss of his material support—a consideration of which the woman in the home is very much aware. In the home the most a humorous woman dare venture is a smile.

But there are women who lead their lives in the broader environment outside the home. In view of their financial independence they are not obliged to humor men, and since their careers parallel men's in professional life, in business, and in politics, surely they have the same chances as men to cultivate wit. Is it a fact that the less frivolous the lives of women are, the more they express themselves in lighter vein? Not as I see it. These women are as unequal to poking fun as the Dumb Doras of the home. And with less excuse. If they stake all on courage in emerging from the protection of the home, they should dare to laugh at what they find in the larger sphere of men.

The stimuli to female mirth are there. Could anything be funnier than the promise to abstain from smoking made by the young woman of my acquaintance to the members of the schoolboard of her small town as condition of her employment in their schools? What woman essaying church work would not feel the urge to silent laughter as she beholds the House of Bishops, sitting in solemn conclave to pronounce upon the questions of marriage and divorce the while they assume with medieval complacency the submissiveness of the female sex? Could not the woman in politics laugh her head off if she would see the tactics men in politics employ to keep her harmless? And if the woman in business has the wit to earn a livelihood in competition with men, could she not learn to smile at the fraud imposed upon her sex by the tradition of the "masculine mind"?



"Consider the fatuousness of the normal male in the presence of his first grandchild"

Why are these women who compete with men not more mirthful? May it be because the woman who has left the protection of the home behind is yet a pioneer? She is on a strange frontier and her psychology is that of one who faces the stupendous task of felling trees and clearing ground before he can begin to build. Unremitting toil and the depression resulting from consciousness of heavy odds are the fate of those who push out into the unknown and the incalculable. And the menace of attack by alien forces requires a preoccupation not conducive to appreciation of the lighter vein. May this not be the reason why women who work outside the home take themselves over-seriously, why they waste no energy—and unfortunately find no release from tension—in dalliance with humor?

Women should now be in a position to decide if they want humor enough to pay the price for it. It all hinges upon courage. With courage to demand that every anecdote with which they are regaled should be so funny as to be irresistible before they will crack a smile, women would cease to laugh in order to draw men out. Every one would be the gainer. The female would develop her own appreciation of wit by raising her standard. Moreover she would straighten men out about themselves, and dull men would cease to fancy that the humor that makes men funny is secreted in their ductless glands.

With courage, women would begin to tell funny stories on their own account. And to furnish the environment needed for this development of female wit, women would stand together and make it a point of honor to laugh at women's anecdotes whenever they could with clear consciences. The trouble is that this requires more courage than many women will care to cultivate. For in playing up to other women they are putting forward a potential rival for mas-

(Continued on Page 224)

"If courage brings out humor, women must get more courage, and if courage depends on danger, then women, in order to become a humorous sex, must welcome danger. Where circumstances permit, women should organize themselves in order to develop latent heroism: A female fire-brigade suggests the possibilities in this direction"

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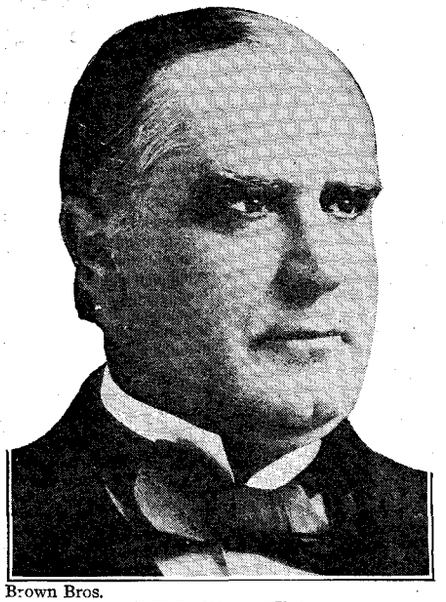

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THE WINNER

William McKinley, Republican standard-bearer in the "silver" election of 1896

Roosevelt: A Biography

V—The Presidential Election of 1896

By HENRY F. PRINGLE

T. R. escaped from the irritations of his job at New York Police Headquarters by throwing himself into the fight against Bryan. His speaking tour made him known to thousands of his countrymen. Early in 1897 came an appointment as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and in the next installment the part he played just prior to the war with Spain is described. During this period Roosevelt's jingoism grew by leaps and bounds

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THE winds from the West were ominous and they chilled the bones of respectable people. They grew to gale proportions as 1896 approached; the respectable people whispered of the danger of revolution. They penetrated the office of Theodore Roosevelt in Police Headquarters on Mulberry Street and filled him with a curious tangle of exhilaration and alarm. He agreed that danger existed, but danger brought with it excitement. Had he not been an officer in the New York National Guard? Could he not, metaphorically speaking, take down his sword to defend his country against the menace from within? But Mark Hanna, who was to be the Horatius of 1896, preferred campaign contributions and declared this chatter of revolution nonsensical.

The winds began to blow in 1886, with the explosion of the bomb in Haymarket Square in Chicago. They stirred uneasily until four of the anarchists, as they were conveniently called, had been hanged in November, 1887. They gathered new force, in 1893, when Governor John P. Altgeld of Illinois, knowing it to be political suicide, pardoned two of the men whose sentences of death had been changed to life imprisonment because the evidence against them was even less substantial. Altgeld, as he had foreseen, paid the penalty of courage. He vanished from public life.

These winds were from Illinois; there were others. In May, 1892, Mr. Henry Clay Frick of the Carnegie Steel Company notified his superintendent that, "with a desire to act toward our employees in the most liberal manner," a number of wage reductions had been put into effect. On June 25 he wrote to Robert A. Pinkerton of New York for three hundred armed guards. They were needed, he said, to maintain order at the Homestead plant near Pittsburgh and they would be moved up the Ohio River on the night of July 5. They were shipped according to schedule and in the battle which resulted ten men were killed and seventy wounded. On July 23 Alexander Berkman attempted to assassinate Mr. Frick and wounded him severely.

The Haymarket bombing, the Homestead rioting, the attack on a great industrialist—all these were placed at the door of organized labor by the respectable people. Then came the panic of 1893, the breadlines, and bitterness. Then, in 1894, the Pullman strike in Chicago brought more disorder and President Cleveland used Federal troops to move the mails. This time Eugene V. Debs went to jail and became a martyr, as the four men who had been hanged were martyrs. It must have been fear which caused people of wealth and breeding to strike back so viciously, far too viciously, at their enemies. The respectables still had power. By the summer of 1896 they had found a third scapegoat for the friction and the turmoil of a decade. He was William Jennings Bryan, who stood for the income tax, for railroad regulation and for free coinage of silver.

The national crisis, as Roosevelt sincerely viewed the Populist movement, interrupted pleasant dreams of greatness. Cabot Lodge had been painting his future with the bright hues of optimism. ". . . . The day is not far distant," wrote this friend, from Paris in August, 1895, "when you will come into a large kingdom." Roosevelt's fight for excise control might have annoyed the Republican machine leaders, but it had afforded new strength in the rural parts of New York State. "The Senatorship," added Lodge, "is getting well into sight, my dear boy." Roosevelt, of course, could not abandon his usual pessimism. Lodge, however, persisted. "I do not say that you are to be President tomorrow," he wrote. "I do not say that it will be—I am sure that it may and can be."

Roosevelt would have been inhuman had he failed, with such visions floating before him, to ponder the future. He had, however, a firm foundation of common sense. This, combined with habitual pessimism and his knowledge of the uncertain nature of politics, caused him to shrink from such ponderings. One day in 1895 at Police Headquarters, Jacob Riis, who believed that the Lord was working to send Roosevelt to the White House, came to his office with Lincoln Steffens. They asked whether he was a possible candidate for President of the United States, and Roosevelt leaped to his feet, red with rage.

"Don't you dare ask me that!" he almost screamed. "Don't you put such ideas into my head. No friend of mine would say a thing like that . . . . Never, never, must . . . . either of you remind a man . . . . on a political job that he may be President. It almost always kills him politically. He loses his nerve; he can't do his work; he gives up the very

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THE LOSER

William Jennings Bryan, as he looked during his first attempt to gain the presidency

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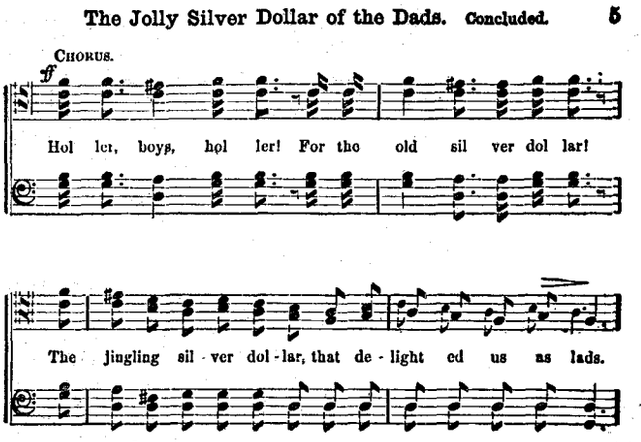
traits that are making him a possibility . . . . I must be wanting to be President. Every young man does. But I won't let myself think of it . . . . If I do . . . . I'll be careful, calculating, cautious, and so . . . . I'll beat myself. See?"

Thus, at thirty-seven, Theodore Roosevelt intuitively appreciated a political truth men twice his age had never learned. The road to Washington is strewn with the corpses of politicians who surrendered to presidential yearnings. Roosevelt went on with the job at hand, but the campaign of 1896 was to make him, as Lodge hoped it would, far better known to the people. Oddly enough, the leading issue was to be an economic one, and Roosevelt knew precious little about economics.

The issue was free coinage of silver. In 1896 the respectables called it treasonous and unpatriotic to believe in free coinage, for their bankers had aroused them to its perils. It had not always been so viewed. Phrased another way, the issue was between easy money and hard money. The respectable people, owning some dollars, did not wish to have them become less valuable through the creation of more dollars. Those who were not respectable, possessing few, if any, dollars, fancied that bread and butter and perhaps a little jam could be bought if only the government would increase the supply of money and permit some of the increase to fall into their empty hands. If they considered depreciation at all, it was with approval. What one does not have cannot depreciate. When one owes debts, it is highly satisfactory to liquidate them with money worth less than it was when the obligations were incurred. In this situation two factors entered. One was the desire of the men who mined silver to sell their product. The other was politics. The people who wanted cheap money outnumbered the respectables who did not, and so did their votes. Somehow, though, the respectables were able, to a degree far beyond their numerical strength, to influence politicians and parties. They subsidized campaigns, for example. So the


The Jolly Silver Dollar of the Dads. Concluded. 5
Chorus.
Hol ler, boys, hol ler! For the old sil ver dol lar!
The jingling sil - ver dol - lar, that de - light ed us as lads.

A CAMPAIGN SONG

A popular Democratic ditty used by Bryan men to keep his public "silver conscious"

lines were drawn for a battle that was to shake America.

It was not a new battle. The exigencies of the Civil War had brought inflation in the form of greenbacks. Prices went up; the farmer could profit from his crops and joy was in the land. But the bankers were worried over this mass of paper money, $450,000,000. In 1875 Congress called for redemption of the greenbacks, and the notes began drifting into the Treasury. Now the farmer was less happy. Money was more scarce and it was difficult for him to pay his inevitable debts. He proved coldly unresponsive when Republican orators shouted again that the party had saved the Union. He appealed to his Congressman for relief.

This was to come in the form of free silver. Under the Constitution, Congress could use either gold or silver as a monetary basis and so used both. It had never been possible, however, for the experts to get the ratio exactly right. When the gold metal in a gold dollar exceeded in value the silver in a silver dollar, people hoarded the gold coins and spent the silver. Similarly, silver was hoarded if, in the form of money, it was the more valuable. In despair that a solution could be found, Congress in 1873 halted the coinage of the silver dollar entirely. By 1890 metallic silver had dropped half in value. There were several factors behind the slump, but the men who had silver to sell loudly proclaimed that it was solely due to "The Crime of 1873."

They were believed, and the demands increased for the resumption of silver coinage at the old ratio which declared that sixteen parts of silver were worth one of gold. The silver advocates had the support of such eminent Congressmen as William McKinley, who was to be a candidate for President with the gold standard as his most important plank. In 1878, over the veto of the courageous Hayes, coinage to the extent of $24,000,000 a year was authorized. McKinley, on February 12, 1878, voted to override the President. Silver, however, continued to decline. Until 1885 there was prosperity of a kind, but then came further reaction. The Sherman Silver Purchase Act of 1890 provided virtually unrestricted coinage and Harrison, less courageous than Hayes, signed the bill.

Roosevelt's position on silver, unlike McKinley's, was consistent. He was not a candidate for office. The men closest to him saw clearly the peril inherent in the Sherman Act. On March 7, 1891, he addressed the Federal Club in New York City and said that "the demand for the unlimited coinage of depreciated silver is simply the phase in the struggle against honest money which happens to be uppermost at the moment":

> During the last year there has been a perfect craze on this subject, which has swept over the West and South and has affected somewhat the Middle States. *Fortunately for the honor and good faith of the country, it was the Republican party which was in power, and the Republican party steadfastly* withstood the demand.

In making such a statement, Roosevelt was misin-

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HENCHMEN OF DEMOCRACY

A section of a middle-western crowd listening to Bryan. On his tour of the country he made as many as thirty-seven speeches in one day

Photographs by courtesy of the Roosevelt Memorial Association, 28 East Twentieth Street, New York

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New-York Tribune.

VOL. . . No. 18,252. NEW-YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1896.—EIGHT PAGES. PRICE THREE CENTS.

THIRD EDITION, 2.30 A. M.

UPRISING OF A GREAT PEOPLE

McKINLEY AND HOBART GET AT LEAST 270 OUT OF 447 ELECTORAL VOTES AND A FAST PLURALITY.

ANARCHY AND REPUDIATION TRAMPLED UNDER FOOT.

A SOUND MONEY CONGRESS—IMMENSE REPUBLICAN MAJORITY IN THE HOUSE—THE SENATE SECURE—SUPERB VICTORIES IN THE WEST—THE "SOLID SOUTH" SHATTERED.

McKinley and Hobart sweep the country. Yesterday, winning at least 270 out of 447 electoral votes. Kennedy was trounced and Repudiation punished.

There will be not less than 250 Republicans in the House of Representatives, more than a two-thirds majority, and a sound-money majority in the Senate.

On the great battlefield of the Middle West the enemy was routed. Ohio, Indiana, Illi-

THE CITY FOR SOUND MONEY

McKINLEY'S PLURALITY 20,000

BLACK GETS 8,000 MORE THAN DORTER FOR GOVERNOR.

FIVE REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMEN WIN.

THE TRIBUNE SALUTES THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

Compared with modern practice, the New York Tribune presents McKinley's victory with typographical, if not editorial, restraint. The paper erred in crediting McKinley with 298 electoral votes; he actually received 271

formed. The Sherman Act required the Treasury to buy 4,500,000 ounces of silver each month and to issue certificates, redeemable in either gold or silver, in payment. The difference between such a law and unlimited coinage was so slight as to be non-existent. The silver output in 1890 was little more than 4,500,000 ounces a month. Harrison, a Republican President, had approved the bill. The truth is that free silver, like nearly every important issue in American history, cut across both parties. The Democrats were to bear the onus for it because of Bryan.

Grover Cleveland, Democrat, accomplished repeal of the dangerous Sherman Silver Purchase Act. He returned to the White House, in March, 1893, to face the task of saving his country from financial ruin. Against an impassioned plea by Bryan and others, the law which was draining the treasury of its reserves was repealed on August 28, 1893. The President preserved the nation's credit, and ruined himself in doing so. Prosperity and contentment did not come, however. The wheels of industry slowed down until they almost stopped. The farmer burned his grain because he could not sell it. The menace of anarchism stalked more fiercely as the winds from the West carried the rattle of rifles at the Homestead mills and the smoke of Pullman cars burning in the Chicago yards. In February, 1894, Richard Watson Gilder, editor of *The Century*, was a guest at the White House. He looked through a door one morning at 1 o'clock and saw the President "all alone, without a clerk near . . . . working away at his desk . . . . on decisions that may change the course of history."

Speaker Thomas B. Reed, who had reorganized the rules of the House so that troublesome minorities could be stifled with ease, was a man to stir enthusiastic approval in the breast of Theodore Roosevelt. He did things. He, too, was "pure act"; or so Roosevelt believed until he later learned that Reed could be rather too cynical. In 1891, it will be recalled, there had been an abortive boom for his nomination. Roosevelt and Cabot Lodge then started to work for his selection as Republican presidential nominee in 1896. On October 23, 1895, Roosevelt addressed a gathering of Republicans in Boston and praised his candidate's career in Congress. As President, he said, Reed would have a foreign policy worthy of America.

Tom Platt, however, viewed Reed with distaste. The Speaker was an "intellectual giant and man of iron," but he professed to be amused by Reed's "bouncing body, topped by a small head . . . . [which] reminded one of an inflated balloon with a peg for a summit." In addition, Reed had been too domineering and had antagonized influential members of his party before the St. Louis convention in the summer of 1896. In this Platt's diagnosis was correct. Spring-Rice, who saw Reed constantly and liked him, referred to the Speaker as "that fat, sarcastic man." Mark Hanna, nursing the aspirations of McKinley, had brought Reed to Ohio for the 1891 campaign and then had dismissed him from consideration as a presidential possibility. The Speaker's manner had been alien to the great mass of Republican voters whom Hanna intended to control. He was Eastern. He was not given to bombastic oratory. He was, said Hanna, too sardonic. So he went on with his plans to nominate McKinley and held that wavering warrior to support of the gold plank ultimately adopted. Reed, bitter and unhappy, again addressed a letter to his friend, Roosevelt. What remained for the future, he asked? He had twice been Speaker; a Cabinet post did not appeal.

> In a word, my dear boy, I am tired of this thing and want to be sure that my debts won't have to be paid by a syndicate . . . . Moreover, the receding grapes seem to ooze with acid and the whole thing is a farce . . . .

"THE ASSASSIN"

The bitterness of the 1896 campaign is reflected in this cartoon from Judge

This was a reference, which Roosevelt doubtless deplored, to the fact that in 1893 a syndicate headed by Hanna had subscribed $100,000 to save McKinley from financial ruin.

The nomination of Hanna's man had been conceded when the convention assembled. All that remained was a plank calling for the gold standard. It was adopted on the third day, June 19, 1896, and as the vote was being taken a score of free silver delegates left the hall in disgust. They were watched with satisfaction by William Jennings Bryan,

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who was in the press section as the correspondent of the Omaha *World-Herald*. Roosevelt, who had not achieved election as a delegate to the convention, scribbled a note to Lodge from Sagamore Hill. McKinley was an honorable man; the platform was excellent.

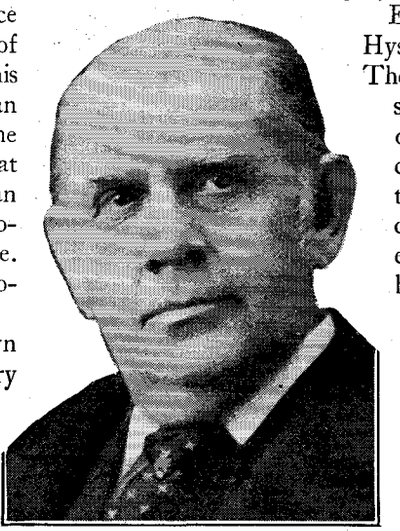
The voice of the people became the voice of God; the voice of the Republican party was the voice of Wall Street. Such was the issue as the Democrats prepared to gather at Chicago for their own convention. The first was true only in the minds of oppressed men and women. The second was true in fact. It was the "plain people," whose support Roosevelt cherished as President, who in 1896 turned to the magnetic figure of Bryan. Quite apart from the merit of free silver, their grievances were real. The ones who wanted jobs could not find them. Those who had farms could not sell their products. The final insult had been a five-to-four decision of the Supreme Court that an income tax provided by Congress in 1894 was unconstitutional.

The story of Bryan is the story of a voice. His first juvenile achievements were in debates and oratorical contests at school, beginning when he was fifteen with "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death." His gifts were similarly displayed at Illinois College. In 1890, having studied law and started to practise at Lincoln, Nebraska, he was sent to Congress from a district that was normally Republican. Mrs. Bryan, who met him during his junior year at college, remembered that his "face was pale and thin; a pair of keen, dark eyes looked out from beneath heavy brows; his nose was prominent—too large to look well, I thought."

From 1890 until he died, the voice of Bryan was never still. It started, then, to sound its defiance of Republicanism and privilege. In 1892 he made his first important speech, one attacking the protective tariff. Bryan may have been ignorant and partisan and a fanatic, as his enemies so often have insisted, but he was an artist in the use of his voice, a master of cadences. He could be stern, and his voice was stern, as he told of the wickedness of his foes. He could be subdued, and his voice grew soft, as he told of the sufferings of his people. It rose to organ notes of triumph as he pictured the new day that was surely coming. Bryan could make trivialities profound and inanities wise. His voice was that of emotion, not reason.

Bryan was well known in the silver country months before the 1896 convention. In April he was dreaming of having his name presented as the presidential nominee. It was his voice, when the chance came to debate the silver plank from the platform, which brought him to the goal of his aspirations. Bryan labored most of the night before the debate on July 9. He worked over old speeches, and decided that a phrase successful on many earlier occasions—the "cross of gold and crown of silver" phrase—was the most effective in his repertoire. On July 10 he was nominated for the presidency. The hostile factions seemed reconciled. The advice of Cleveland, begging his party not to give way to the fallacy of silver coinage, was rejected.

Roosevelt felt that the Republican party would win, although Bryan was formidable in the West, the Middle West and the South. He called on Mark Hanna, the new chairman of the Republican National Committee, to offer his services and reported to Lodge that he was a "good-natured, well-meaning, rough man, shrewd and hard-headed . . . . neither farsighted nor very broadminded." He had, Roosevelt judged, "a resolute, imperious mind." This was in July, 1896.



Brown Bros.

"THE HORATIUS OF 1896"
Marcus Hanna, Republican campaign manager and shrewd political tactician

Emotion faced emotion. Hysteria fought hysteria. The respectables, at first, shared Roosevelt's opinion that Bryan could be beaten. At the same time, disquieting reports spread eastward and could not be ignored. Men were rallying under the banners of free silver. They were reading the works of Henry George, which contained much that was true, and the grotesque pamphlets of "Coin" Harvey, which contained little that was true. Toward the end of July the respectables were alarmed because of the vast crowds which greeted Bryan wherever he appeared. Then their alarm turned to terror; Bryan became anti-American, even anti-Christ, as terror was sublimated into hatred.

It grew fashionable, as the decades passed, to sneer at William Jennings Bryan. Roosevelt did so, although he borrowed many a platform plank from the man he professed to hold in contempt. In part Bryan justified the sneers. He was too often a candidate for the presidency. He talked too much. He ate too much. His fanaticism led him to causes which could end only in failure. Even his golden voice was to desert him,

(Continued on Page 220)

New-York Tribune.

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BLOWN UP IN A STREETCAR.

TURKEY'S GRIM PREPARATION

MASSING ARTILLERY AND WAR SUPPLIES ON THE GREEK FRONTIER.

MANY PERISHED AT SEA.

WORK OF THE GALE AROUND THE BRITISH ISLES.

REPUBLICANS TAKE THE HELM.

UNDER BRIGHT SKIES AND WITH FAIR WINDS THE SHIP OF STATE SAILS FOR THE HAVEN OF PROSPERITY.

MCKINLEY AND HOBART INAUGURATED AT THE CAPITOL.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S VIEWS

THE G.O.P.'S IN WASHINGTON—ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD

"The coronation" of the new Republican chief took place "under most auspicious circumstances." Sighing with relief, the conservatives welcomed the advent of "honesty and order." President McKinley was hailed by the Tribune as "Prosperity's Advanc Agent"

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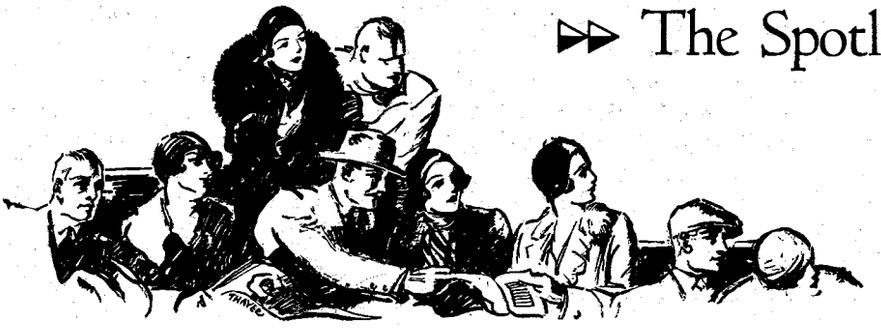
The Spotlight on Sports



Sir Thomas Lipton

THE sponsor of five *Shamrocks* is dead. Though Sir Thomas Lipton was never a yachtsman in the true sense of the term—he didn't sail his boats—nobody will deny that he was a genuine sportsman. His graceful bearing in the face of repeated defeats is the more praiseworthy because Lipton did not belong to that sporting aristocracy which learns the unwritten code on the playing fields of Eton.

Plain Tom Lipton came from the plain people. He walked with kings but didn't lose the common touch. Where peers of the realm acted boorishly when their yachts were outfooted by faster Yankee craft, Tom Lipton grinned and said, "I was beaten by a faster boat but I'll be back again."

The caste system died hard in England. Britain's landed gentry subjected Lipton to all manner of slights and social rebuffs. Those so-called aristocrats couldn't forget that he had started life as a clerk in a grocery store. The ultra-select Royal Yacht Squadron, which finally admitted Sir Thomas to membership last winter, adopted a patronizing if not an actively hostile attitude toward his earlier expeditions for the *America's* Cup. The New York Yacht Club, one suspects, was not over-enthusiastic about Lipton's perennial challenges. It would have preferred a challenge sanctioned by the R. Y. S. or one from a source less closely identified with commerce.

"High hats" on both sides of the Atlantic insinuated that Lipton was chiefly interested in advertising his tea. They whispered about "commercialized sport." Sir Thomas never dignified these insinuations by issuing a formal statement of his motives. His actions spoke for themselves. His infectious smile; his unfailing good humor, his manly refusal to take refuge in alibis, his willingness to race under conditions manifestly favoring the defender, all these endeared him to those who look deeper than blue-blooded lineage to find a sportsman. He emerged from a trying ordeal with the satisfaction of knowing that he had earned the respect of yachtsmen as well as the affection of the general public which can't tell a sloop from a schooner and thinks the term sheet is a synonym for sail.

Lipton almost realized his dream with *Shamrock IV*. The four-leaf clover boat won the first two races from *Resolute*. A fresh breeze was kicking up a choppy sea off Sandy Hook when the sloops came to the line for the third race. That *Shamrock* was built for fairly heavy weather. *Resolute*, a "tender" sloop, was a witch in light airs but couldn't carry her top hamper in gusty going.

The committee voted a postponement, declaring it was dangerous to risk men's lives in those frail racing machines. That argument caused Lipton to withdraw a contemplated protest. He knew *Shamrock* could probably stand the gaff—fishermen laughed at the so-called "choppy sea"—but he didn't choose to jeopardize American lives. Few people realize that Sir Thomas Lipton passed up an almost sure thing victory without a murmur.

Three Strikes and Safe

AS A RULE, World's Series baseball games are commonplace affairs, devoid of bizarre incidents. There are exceptions, of course, such as Neal Ball's unassisted triple play, Babe Ruth's three homers, and Elmer Smith's home run with the bases full. One of these exceptional plays featured the second game of the present series between Philadelphia and St. Louis. It happened in the ninth inning, with the Cardinals leading 2 to 0 and the Athletics at bat. There were two men out, runners on first and second and two strikes on batter Jim Moore.

A low curve pitched by Hallahan caused Moore to bite. He swung, carving empty air. Catcher Jimmy Wilson made a deft pick-up of the pitch as it struck the dirt. Almost everybody in the park thought he had caught the ball in full flight, thus ending the game. Moore thought so too, for he tossed aside his bat and trudged toward the bench.

It was here that catcher Wilson made his peculiar blunder. Instead of tagging the batter or throwing to first base, he whipped the ball on a line to third to head off Foxx, who was dashing toward that corner.

Wilson admits that he suffered a brainstorm. "It was just a dumb play," he said frankly. "I would tag the runner 999 times out of a thousand, but this was the thousandth time. I saw Foxx take a big lead off second and I decided to flag him going to third. I was thinking so hard about nailing Foxx that I forgot Moore had struck out. A second after I let the ball go I would have given my arm to get it back again."

Eddie Collins, veteran coach of the Athletics, didn't attend Columbia University for nothing. A quick thinker, he sized up the situation on the spot, and almost shoved the reluctant Moore toward first base. Wilson's "boner" filled the bases. Foxx slid under the throw and was called safe at third. Fortunately for Wilson, his error had no serious consequences, aside from giving the official scorer a headache. The next hitter was disposed of quickly. Poor Hallahan had been compelled to retire four men to end the inning, though of course Moore was not officially out, despite the three strikes registered against him. After a huddle, the scorers chalked up an error opposite catcher Wilson's name. It was really an error of omission, for he had committed no mechanical mistake except neglecting to tag the batter.

Prospects for the Big Three

THE BIG THREE, restricted by the so-called "presidents' agreement" from beginning football before October, opened their campaigns last Saturday with rather indifferent success in the matter of converting yardage into scores.

Harvard, Yale and Princeton have revamped their respective methods of attack this fall. Harvard, under the ægis of Eddie Casey, has reverted to the Haughton system. Casey is convinced that the hidden ball plays which used to hornswoggle Yale are still sound. He will resurrect the run from kick formation, scrap Horween's "man-in-motion" creed, and revive straight power plays which had been neglected by his predecessor. Horween's self-styled "floating interferer" rarely interfered with anybody except his own backs. He drifted about aimlessly, getting in their way and gumming up the play.

Harvard's score of 28 to 0 against little Bates wasn't particularly impressive. At that, it sounds better than it really

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was, for two Crimson touchdowns developed out of blocked punts. Yale's "hybrid offense"—a blend of Dartmouth, Notre Dame, Michigan and Yale formations—couldn't seem to get going against Maine, as the score of 19-0 suggests. It looked just about as discordant on the field as it sounds on paper. This merging of three or four "systems" "retaining the best features of each," may be swell in theory but it doesn't pan out in practice. Yale may not have too many cooks, but one suspects that her gridiron chefs are studying too many cookbooks. That's another good way to spoil the broth.

Princeton's showing against Amherst was encouraging. The score, 27 to 0, doesn't tell the story of an attack that had genuine continuity—an element missing at Nassau these many years.

The new Tiger coach, All Wittmer, has adopted Warner's double wing back offense. His pupils are still a bit crude in executing this intricate form of hocus-pocus, but they have mastered its principles and look as though they might go places and do things. For the first time in an orange moon, a Princeton eleven is committed to a definite strategic plan and has a fixed objective on every play. A Tiger team with a purpose on attack will come as a refreshing surprise to Princeton graduates who have watched the vacillating, haphazard, every-man-for-himself tactics which prevailed at Old Nassau under Bill Roper's stewardship.

Roper professed a fine scorn for "systems." He liked to say that football was ninety per cent fight. At the same time he didn't hesitate to borrow whatever plays he happened to fancy in an opponent's repertoire. Bill had no set offensive policy. He would switch overnight from West Virginia's three-man spread to Dobie's behind-the-line pass and mass on tackle. He had the nerve to swap systems in midstream. The resulting hodgepodge kept Princeton players sitting up nights to learn new signals, but don't underestimate Roper because of his vagaries as a strategist. He radiated magnetism—had the sort of personality that gets across the impressionable youngsters. His hard-baked veneer cloaked a kindly heart. Sophomores swore by him. And how he could lift a team spiritually on the eve of a crucial game! It's fashionable today for cynics to scoff at the psychological stunts to which Bill Roper resorted, but his Princeton elevens won six out of the twelve post-war games from Yale and lost only one match to Harvard. What "system" could better that record?

GEORGE TREVOR.

The Week in Business

Clearing

WITH business finally ready to face actualities, the past week has been one of clearing up uncertainties and preparing the way for a real advance. The purging process has been evident in many lines of business activity, but particularly in transportation and banking.

The railroad situation was clarified by announcement of an agreement among the leading Eastern operators to set up a four-line system. At the same time it was revealed that the National City Bank will absorb the Bank of America National Association. This development, following the announcement that the Transamerica Corporation would get rid of its bank holdings, disposes of the Giannini complications in a way that can scarcely fail to benefit general business.

In production, steel made a slight gain, due chiefly to demand for structural materials, but motor manufacture showed little improvement. Distribution was fair, with wholesale business somewhat better in the Chicago district and retail sales brisk in Minneapolis, St. Louis, Dallas and Atlanta.

The investment market is still the soft spot in the general situation. United States Steel broke 70 for the first time since early in the war period and A. T. and T. reached the lowest level recorded since 1924. Something, and probably not conscience, continues to make cowards of us all.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

COMMODITY PRICES (Fisher's Index—1926 = 100) October 1—68.1. (Crump's British Index—1926 = 100) October 1—64.2.

CAR LOADINGS (American Railway Assn.). Week ended September 19—742,628 cars (increase of 74,878 over preceding five-day period; reduction of 209,884 under same week of 1930).

STEEL INGOT PRODUCTION. Week ended September 26—28% of capacity (reduction of 1% under preceding week and of 32% under same week of 1930).

CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION. Week ended September 26—daily average gross 2,193,350 barrels (reduction of 8,250 under preceding week and of 196,400 under same week of 1930).

BANK CLEARINGS (as reported to Bradstreet's). Week ended October 1—$7,819,974,000 (increase of 3.7% over preceding week; reduction of 33.5% under same week of 1930).

FAILURES (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.). Week ended October 1—543 (increase of 60 over preceding week and of 96 over same week of 1930).

Trusts on Trial

BACK of the investment trust investigation planned by the New York Stock Exchange there appears to be little more than the possibility of increased publicity for that form of public investment, which will do no harm to either the fixed or general-management type of trust.

The announced object of the investigation is to determine with which trusts members of the New York Exchange may associate, either through sponsorship or sale of stock. In connection with the fixed type there seem to be few complications. Management trusts, however, are capitalized at definite amounts of stock which are outstanding as soon as the company is organized. These shares, if they are to have a free market, must be listed on one or another of the stock exchanges.

If the New York Exchange, as a result of the investigation, was obliged to prohibit its members from dealing in certain of these investment trust stocks, the brokers would be in a quandary as to how to handle the business of prospective buyers. This complication, however, is not generally regarded as likely to produce much trouble.

On the whole, the investment trusts have come through the depression in sound condition. Some of the portfolios are frozen and the companies are not in a position to take advantage of the present low prices, but the number of failures has been surprisingly small. It is more than likely that the chief result of the pending investigation will be a little helpful advertising, doubly welcome because it is free.

FRANK A. FALL.

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Music

Notable New Recordings

A THRILLING and musicianly performance of Stravinsky's *Symphonie des Psaumes*, played by the Orchestre des Concerts Straram, conducted by the composer, is undoubtedly the news of the week so far as records are concerned[1]. The vocal passages are sung by the Alexis Vlassoff Chorus and I have nothing but praise for their work and that of the orchestra under the illustrious Russian musician. For once Columbia is fully justified in waxing somewhat hysterical in the accompanying pamphlet and saying, "In presenting Stravinsky's *Symphony of the Psalms*, which is generally regarded as the most important work composed within the past several years, Columbia takes especial pride both in the promptness and timeliness of the offering and in the excellence of the presentation throughout."

IT DOESN'T seem to be known even by the omniscient critics of the exclusively phonographic publications just how Columbia, in their foreign studios, obtain such realistic piano recordings. It can't be accident because they're quite consistent about it. Of course their comparative freedom from surface scratch is a great help, but the tone itself seems to me usually far superior to that of their competitors. The latest example of this is the large album of Chopin *Etudes*[2], played by Robert Lortat, the well-known French pianist. On eight twelve-inch sides, M. Lortat gets twenty-eight of the *Etudes*, and between his fine playing and the critical study of them by the late James Huneker, which is included, students of piano technique should find the album invaluable.

MEHUL is not played very much these days and for this reason we should be grateful to Brunswick for the interesting record of the *Overture to Jeune Henri*[3] as played by the Lamoureux Orchestra under Albert Wolff. In spite of its age the composition remains delightfully fresh in spirit and the performers play it with considerable gusto. These single disk orchestral records of little played music which Brunswick are re-pressing from Polydore are interesting and welcome. They should not be overlooked by any one who wishes fine examples of good orchestral work without buying the more expensive large albums.

O. C.-T.

1. Columbia Masterworks Set No. 162.
2. Columbia Masterworks Set No. 163.
3. Brunswick 90195.

▶▶ The New Movies ◀◀

BERLIN.

BERLIN movie theatres are hardly theatres at all, as our gilt and plush loving magnates understand the term. Some of them have no gold paint whatever and not one has a platinum plumbing fixture. The walls are done in solid colors and most of the houses are in excellent taste. I have never understood why American movie houses must always look like a cross between a bordello and a Coney Island concession. I cannot imagine what it is in our national taste that produces such atrocities as are to be found in every American town. Certainly the Colonial influence has quite passed away. As for the Jews —who control practically all the entertainment in the world—they also own theatres in Europe. We must conclude that cheap gilded plaster work and horrible rococo Orientalisms are native American products—and then hide our heads in shame.

There are several things about Berlin movie theatres which would surprise Americans. Usually there are but two performances a day—at seven and at nine—and only as many admissions are sold as there are seats. You do not stand in a crowded lobby for forty minutes waiting for the crowd to come out. If you come late for the first show you can get in only if there is a vacant seat. Otherwise you buy a seat for the second show two hours away. The result is that audiences come on time. No climbing over people or fighting in the aisles . . . . because there are no aisles, the doors all being at the sides. You don't need aisles when the entire audience enters and leaves at once. It works quite well. Out in the wide lobby, which runs around the auditorium like a big "U," you can buy mugs of beer, platters of potato salad, hunks of liverwurst and other supplies without which the German nation would fall apart in a few hours.

There is also a coat-room service with about a dozen girls, which takes care of the entire audience.

As for the show, it opens, in a few houses, with a German equivalent of an American "stage show"—but I am afraid most of us would find it pretty dreary. Germans have a passion for juggling acts, some of which are extremely difficult and quite dangerous, but all excessively dull. For example, a gentleman will lie down on the stage and balance on his chest a sort of steel hat-rack. Then five or six of his friends will climb to uncomfortable positions on this rack, while holding balls, sticks or chinaware in their hands. All this is accomplished with grunts, wheezes and obvious expressions of pain. Germans can stand any amount of this. Following is a newsreel—usually half Paramount and half UFA—and then the feature picture—and that's all.

▶▶ *"Micky Maus"*

The people of Germany are simply cockeyed over a renowned Hollywood actor whom they call "Micky Maus"—the other day I turned the corner on an immense black and red cardboard Mickey Mouse who was pointing the way toward something called a "Micky Maus cocktail"—and pretty good it was, too. Mickey and his India ink friends are about the only actors left in Hollywood who are still understood anywhere.

The fact is that Hollywood is losing its hold on Europe. Last week *Variety* reported that the foreign market, which had once supplied forty per cent of the movie revenue, now accounted for but twenty per cent. Foreign versions made in Hollywood are seldom successful—that is, sufficiently successful to be made all the time. The result is that each language-group is now making its own films, and making them sufficiently well to keep everybody happy. Europeans have never understood the American romantic film, anyway. Europeans found out about sex hundreds and hundreds of years ago and Constance Bennett's almost daily cinematic declarations that men are *beasts* would give them an acute feeling of nausea.

CREIGHTON PEET.

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The Latest Plays

Relief at Last!

After giving us some of the hottest, muggiest weather and a lot of the dullest, most impossible plays in any September in my memory, the weather man and the impresarios relented simultaneously last week. It took a completely new producing organization to start the ball rolling. Well, almost completely new. The Group Theatre is what a crowd of young people, a lot of whom have previously been associated with the Guild, call themselves. Their first production, *The House of Connelly*, by Paul Green, author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *In Abraham's Bosom*, is produced in a Guild theatre under the auspices of the Guild, so you will be excused if you don't quite understand the difference between this new crowd and the group who the year before last did *Red Rust*. It seems that the Group have been rehearsing off and on for three years, purely for the purpose of experimenting solely among themselves and have only now decided to let the public see what they have been working at. Be all that as it may, the main point is that they have produced a very interesting, if uneven, play in *The House of Connelly*, and their performance, if also occasionally off balance, has generally both a vitality and a smoothness of ensemble that some of the recent efforts of the parent organization have conspicuously lacked.

The Connellys are one of those old southern families given to ancestor worship on the old plantation, which is going to rack and ruin. The main activities of the male members of the clan are the consumption of whiskey and the production of mulatto, quadroon and octoroon blood relations. The theme of *The House of Connelly* is the conflict between the people of the Old South, such as the Connellys, and the rising and more energetic poor whites who epitomize the New South. In spite of the opposition of his mother, uncle and sisters, young Will Connelly is snatched up by Patsy Tate, an ambitious daughter of one of their tenants, and is goaded by her not only into marrying her but in showing some signs of activity on the plantation. We are left with the impression, however, that he will soon relapse into his whiskey-drinking habits and that she will triumph in every way over the decadent Connellys. The atmosphere and mood created by the author and the actors are truly remarkable. They are theatrical at the same time that they have the unmistakable semblance of truth. This in spite of the fact that there are a bewildering number of variations in what is meant to be a southern accent used by the troupe. Such details aside, Franchot Tone's performance as Will Connelly is magnificent. Margaret Barker is much less effective as Patsy Tate, but the work of Mary Morris, Fanny de Knight and Rose McClendon is all that it should be. The play itself is marred only by the disproportionate time which Mr. Green spends developing major and minor situations. But don't let that keep you away from *The House of Connelly*; its virtues far outnumber its defects.

Recommended Shows

After Tomorrow: Well acted comedy drama of life in the Bronx.

Cloudy with Showers: The only farce in town of merit.

George White's Scandals: Slick revue with Henderson tunes and Rudy Vallee, Willie Howard and Ethel Merman to sing them.

Grand Hotel: The sturdy melodrama has weathered the heat and is now preparing for winter.

Singin' the Blues: Exciting Harlem melodrama with musical comedy interludes.

The Band Wagon: Best score for a long while and the smartest revue presentation.

The Breadwinner: A. E. Matthews as a charming and plausible wife deserter.

Ziegfeld Follies: All that the name has come to imply.

Murder Without Mystery

Payment Deferred, a dramatization by Jeffrey Dell of a novel by C. S. Forester, is what a crime play should be and very rarely is. Instead of relying on gunplay, comic detectives, supernatural manifestations and the like to thrill you, these authors tell a simple story with a lot of the sense of inevitable tragedy that we associate with the early Greek drama and hold you spellbound while they show you why as well as how their murderer did what he did. Constant readers of this department may recall that I told them last spring of seeing *Payment Deferred* in London and that I hailed Charles Laughton, who plays the bank clerk who murders his nephew and buries the body in the garden, as a great character actor. I was sorry then that all of you could not see his work. It is a great pleasure to write that far from seeming to have staled in any way, Mr. Laughton's performance appears, if possible, to have benefited by the sea trip. Relieved of the necessity of paying such close attention to the lines themselves, on my second visit to the play I was able to observe more closely the amazing way in which he makes every movement of his body as well as every tone of his voice significant. In a word, he acts all over and *is* completely the character. Apart from Mr. Laughton only Elsa Lanchester is of the original London company. She repeats her excellent characterization of the murderer's daughter. Cicely Oates is finely restrained as the wife and Dorice Fordred is a tremendous improvement on the lady who played the French seductress on the other side. Gilbert Miller, the producer, deserves our thanks both for bringing us such an interesting play and for considerately holding it off until it was cool enough for us to witness it in comfort.

Priestley Rewritten

Mr. Edward Knobloch must be indeed a courageous man. Faced with the task of dramatizing *The Good Companions*, J. B. Priestley's six hundred odd page novel, he unabashedly dived in and did an amazingly effective job. Using sixteen scenes and a cast of a hundred and twenty he has still missed a good deal of the flavor as well as the incident of the book about a traveling troupe of entertainers in England, but he has caught a lot of it, too. What we see in the colorful Lee Shubert-Julian Wylie production is picturesque, humorous, tuneful and occasionally touching. George Carney as Jess Oakroyd and Valerie Taylor as Miss Trant give fine performances very close to the spirit of the original. Even if you haven't read the novel I think you'll find the play of *The Good Companions* interesting in its own right.

Otis Chatfield-Taylor.

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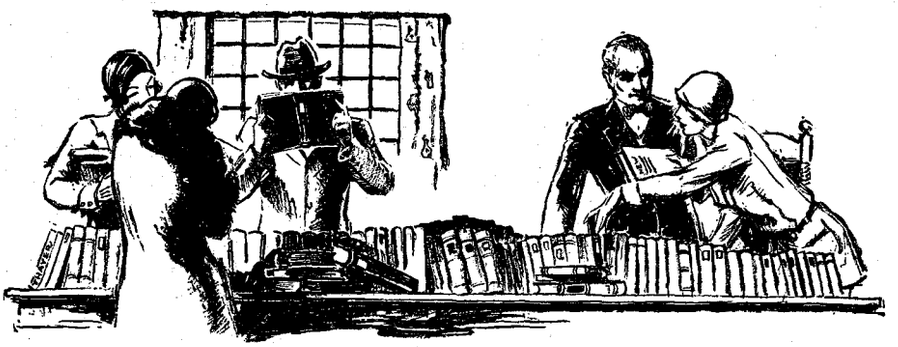
The New Books



The Week's Reading

Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw: A Correspondence. Edited by Christopher St. John Putnam, $5.00

Imagine, if possible, some one who knows nothing about Shaw and Ellen Terry, opening this volume at a venture and reading this sentence from one of Ellen's letters to Shaw: "Oh, you dear little thing, send me a word or two! With heaps of oughts and crosses (I mean hugs and kisses) I am your owniest own L. N." It was written about three years before the two actually met and talked. This is presumably the only correspondence known in which the writers not only didn't meet (except "metaphysically" as the editor says) but didn't want to meet, yet constantly used terms of endearment. The explanation is that the love-talk (notably the extract above) was largely extravaganza, a little human comedy carried on by two of the wittiest people in the world. Begun by a minor incident, the letters became more and more inspiriting and amusing; purposely exaggerated in expression, they are full of things intensely interesting to both. They felt that to meet in the ordinary way would break the charm of persiflage and gayety. Shaw calls their epistolary friendship "a paper courtship, perhaps the pleasantest, as it is the most enduring, of all courtships." And when the inevitable meeting took place, Shaw tells with obvious enjoyment of the joke on him that, when an American actor came into rehearsal, Ellen asked "Who is that?" and when told, "without an instant's hesitation she sailed across the room; put Mr. Carew in her pocket (so to speak); and married him." After they met G. B. S. wrote "How could we two be such fools as to avoid meeting each other lest we should rub the bloom off our relations and then enter into that most accursed of all relations, the professional relation"—the occasion was a rehearsal of Shaw's "Captain Brassbound." In a note by Shaw, he says that there was no breach between them ever, but "the delicious flirtation changed insensibly into a friendship."

What did they write about? Everything under the sun! And including a good many minor things not now exciting. One constantly comes across humorous or extravagant passages or gay retorts. Shaw railed and raved about Irving; and Ellen, as close friend to both, tried to keep the peace. Shaw for years hammered Irving because he had held back a play of Shaw's—unfairly, Shaw said. But mainly he disapproved of Irving's views on the stage and on dramatic art, "absolutely the stupidest man I ever met. Simply no brains." When Irving was producing romantic drama, Shaw railed at him for not doing Shakespeare; when Irving produced Shakespeare, Shaw said he murdered it; then came the Ibsen furor and Shaw was all for modernism and actually anti-Shakespeare. Shaw writes enormously long letters to Ellen telling her how to play Imogen, and she was evidently truly grateful to him. There are scores of interesting dashes here and yon into the things that the two were excited about. If an index were provided (which is not the case) it would have to take in hundreds of references to people off and on the stage. Apart from the delightful give and take between the letter writers, there is abundant charm and mental and social activity.

In the last words of this volume the Editor states that a few days after Ellen Terry's death, her daughter found a piece of paper labeled My Friends. In this roll of honour, which there was evidence was of very recent date, the name of Charles Reade was written first. Directly underneath it was the name of Bernard Shaw.

R. D. Townsend.

The Brown Decades A Study of the Arts in America 1865-1895 By Lewis Mumford Harcourt, Brace, $3.00

The title of this spirited, unpedantic and wholesome book refers to those brownstone buildings, private and public, that began to dot the city-side in the 1860's and '70's, when the backwash of the Civil War was first being felt with all its wrenching and uglifying effect. Out of those efforts came, however, the parks, palaces and paintings which we today enjoy, frequently with tongue in cheek, and on which Europe comments, more frequently with a stare in the eye. Mr. Mumford is the first to have given a sustained and intelligent interpretation of those revolutionary years from this angle. It is a study such as we have heretofore been forced to look for from Old World publishers. Despite an occasional slip of temper, as when he hurls a vicious note at those who pay for their faith in Royal Cortissoz, or puts Alexander's work in the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh in the class with the manufacturers of lollypops, Mr. Mumford writes with the objective equanimity without which aesthetic interpretation is a thing to be religiously eschewed. The volume will bring home to approximately ninety-eight per cent of the American people the sober fact that the things of enduring value in the United States have been made, not by the politicians, soldiers, industrial leaders and others whose names have been billboarded, but—it is a pity to have to say it—by such obscure geniuses as George Perkins Marsh, who showed what it meant to rip up a lovely valley for the sake of a railroad; by Louis Sullivan, who showed how charm may be enhanced even in the right building of a skyscraper; by Albert Pinkham Ryder, who showed how a lost bet on a horse race can inspire the art that grips and lasts; and by a mighty line of others who have lived in the realm of ungainful fancy, and with whose activities it should be the pleasure of legions to become acquainted through the actual reading of *The Brown Decades*. It is a better book than its forerunners on decades of other colors, including those that deal outright

Fiction Worth Reading

The Corn King and the Spring Queen, by Naomi Mitchison: Harcourt, Brace. A highly readable historical novel which vividly recreates Grecian civilization in the third century B. C.

Pan's Parish, by Louise Redfield Peattie: Century. A charming and exotic tale of the strange happenings in the little Provencal village of Fantosque.

Shadows On the Rock, by Willa Cather: Knopf. A charming, sensitive picture of life in Quebec in the days of Frontenac.

The Story of Julian, by Susan Ertz: Appleton. Young love and its problems in an English village, by the author of Madame Claire and The Galaxy.

All Passion Spent, by V. Sackville-West: Doubleday, Doran. A witty and lovely fantasy of old age.

NON-FICTION

Coconut Oil, by Corey Ford: Brewer, Warren & Putnam. June Triplett's latest adventures told in the manner of the best known African explorers.

The Tragic Queen, by Andrew Dakers: Houghton Mifflin. Lovers of English history will enjoy this excellent biography of Mary, Queen of Scots.

Washington Merry-Go-Round, Anonymous: Liveright. Official Washington irreverently and entertainingly exposed. The Congressional Library's present most popular book.

Living Philosophies, A Symposium: Simon & Schuster. The personal credos of some of the world's foremost thinkers.

Will America Become Catholic? by John F. Moore: Harper. The sanest discussion of the actual position of the Catholic Church in the United States which has yet appeared.

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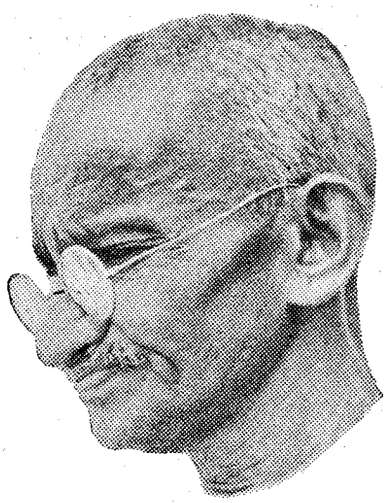
with "our times," for it treats that intangible spirit that maneuvers a Brooklyn Bridge across the river or fences in a sidewalk with a Chicago Auditorium. Publications such as this cause us to realize that after all not everything in this country is noise and size, racketeers and wowsers; there is also the McKim, Mead & White Methodist Church in Baltimore.

ALLEN W. PORTERFIELD.

Will America Become Catholic?
By John F. Moore
Harper, $2.00

This is easily the most informing and fairest book on American Catholicism that has yet appeared. The author does not concern himself with the question as to whether this nation ought to be Catholic or whether the Roman Church is right or wrong but devotes himself solely to the issue he raises—the prospects of that church's winning the American people. To answer this question, which is often in the minds of both thoughtful Catholics and Protestants and many too that are not so thoughtful, the author goes to the best information available in Catholic sources, Protestant sources, government sources and any others which throw any light upon the question. His discussion is thoroughly documented and scholarly, but so interestingly written that the reading which this reviewer began as a duty was continued as a pleasure. His conclusion is that the decrease of immigration has checked the growth of the Catholic Church in the United States, that the practice of birth control has cut the birth rate of Catholic families as well as Protestant and that other influences have worked against Catholic success in this American environment. Answering definitely the question of the book, Mr. Moore maintains that the fear that the Roman Catholics even as a minority may capture the government of the United States has little factual basis. But as a Protestant Mr. Moore takes no joy in the conclusion to which the available evidence drives him. To use his own words, "The evidence as a whole seems to indicate that Protestantism will be seriously mistaken if it leaves the future of religion to the Roman Catholic Church. With all its zeal that church is not covering and apparently cannot cover the field." And his closing sentence deserves most serious consideration—"The issue today is not whether America is to be made Catholic but whether America, Protestant or Catholic, is to be made Christian. That is the task." These are words to the spirit of which many of us can wholeheartedly subscribe only we would insist that the issue is still deeper. The real issue is whether America is to become completely irreligious and secular or whether the

GANDHI
speaks for himself



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Edited by C. F. Andrews

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religious view of life expressing itself in Christianity, Judaism or any other sincere faith is to survive in the United States. It is heartening to find increasing evidence of good will and coöperation on the part of all faiths as they face the common peril.

EDMUND B. CHAFFEE.

Philosophy and Civilization
By John Dewey
Minton, Balch and Co., $5.00

It would profit every student of contemporary philosophy to study the second chapter of this book, headed "The Development of American Pragmatism," which performs the function of redefining and clarifying a term much misused and misunderstood. Pragmatism today is not the pragmatism of Charles Peirce, its first expounder; it has moved through several renascent stages, from the "will to believe" of William James to the "instrumentalism" of Professor Dewey. Impossible as it is to provide any adequate discussion of Dewey's precepts within the confines of a review, it must suffice to say that for him the importance of facts lies *in their significance rather than in their existence*. Philosophy is to be occupied with meaning rather than with being, and philosophers are to concern themselves with the *consequences* of an idea rather than with its logical accuracy. In that sense a philosopher becomes increasingly more interested in society, and in the effects upon it of his ideas, and he strives to arrive at those ideas which will result in the best possible society. Thus philosophy becomes an active instrument of civilization, and Dewey describes himself and his school of thought as "instrumentalists."

Such a philosophy cries out for social application, and in its applications it will seem particularly effective and often salutary. It will be salutary, for instance, in the discussion of law and legal process. The chapter on "Logical Method and Law," and the one on "Nature and Reason in Law," should provide a good deal of reflection for those lawyers who have come to wonder about the mechanism of their profession. It is not that law is illogical, Dewey would say, but that its logic is misapplied. It should be a "logic relative to consequences rather than to antecedents." Cases might be more equitably decided if there were less attention paid to precedents, and more to the logical consequences of each decision, in each case. Here pragmatism would free law from what Dewey calls its "formal consistency" and bring it within the focus of flexible reasoning and good sense.

Upon the other hand, Professor Dewey reveals the essential weakness of the pragmatic position, which might be described as a tendency toward wish-fulfillment. In discussing James' work in pragmatism, he shows that "Monism demands a rationalistic temperament leading to a fixed and dogmatic attitude," while "Pluralism, on the other hand, leaves room for contingence, liberty, novelty, and gives complete liberty of action—" Now, if we are to judge ideas by their consequences, we may very well choose to favor Pluralism, since its consequences seem more pleasant and desirable than those of Monism. But there is no reason for supposing that Pluralism is true because it is pleasant and offers liberty, or that Monism is false because it predicates a dogmatic spirit. We might believe, on similar grounds, in immortality, or in virtue triumphant, both seductive prospects. Rigidity of fact cannot be wished away; it is only rigidity of custom that pragmatism can hope to cope with. These are but a few of the considerations inevitably stimulated by Professor Dewey's careful clarity of writing. This latest of his books serves to reaffirm his position as a preëminent social philosopher.

N. L. ROTHMAN.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1, 1931.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.—Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis R. Bellamy, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Publisher of THE OUTLOOK and INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Editor—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Managing Editor—Carl C. Dickey. Business Manager—The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

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(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 18; New York County Register's No. 2E10; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1932.

Behind the Blurbs

Castle Skull
By John Dickson Carr
Harpers, $2.00

Bencolin and von Arnheim, chiefs respectively of the French and German police, were called in when Alison, the actor, expired in flames on the battlements of Maleger's weird and sinister castle on the Rhine. Maleger, a famous magician, had died under very mysterious circumstances a number of years previously, and it was the opinion of the two distinguished foreign dicks that there was some mysterious connection between the two deaths. Each is diabolically clever, and each has his own theory, but of course *vive la France* and all that, and as you expected, Bencolin wins by a few footprints. Nice and eerie.

Life and Works of the People of England
By Dorothy Hartley and Margaret M. Elliot
Putnam, $2.50 a volume.

An interesting series with a small amount of text explaining a great many pictures taken from contemporary sources of the various activities of the English people in the following centuries: 11th to 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th. The reproductions are excellent, but often so small that the detail can only be seen with a magnifying glass.

The Dutch Shoe Mystery
By Ellery Queen
Stokes, $2.00

Who disguised himself as Dr. Janney and slew the gilt-edged Abigail Doorn as she was waiting to be operated upon in the Dutch Memorial Hospital? And why were the tongues of the shoes the murderer wore tucked inside? If you can work out the various clues for yourself, you can find the murderer, just as Ellery Queen did, for he gives you all the necessary facts, although for a while even he despaired. But just in time he bethought him of a saying of the Woloffs of Africa, to the effect that hope is the pillar of the world, and so he went on and solved the case. If you don't mind the detective's habit of proving his erudition by sprinkling his talk with obscure proverbs and bad French and German, you will find this a good yarn of the puzzle type.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

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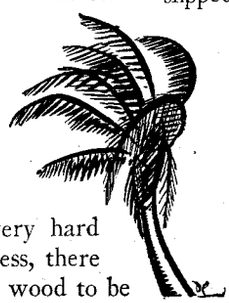
From the Life

The Miracle

He lived with his mother on the most beautiful road in the world, on the outskirts of a village that was like a jewel in the sunlight. In the soft warm air of summer the grass at his feet shone like emeralds; overhead the sky was a great, hollowed sapphire, while the flowers that sprang and blew and tumbled in every direction were gems of glowing color.

But all this meant nothing to him. He was eight years old and he was certain that his life was as good as over, since for want of thirty-five cents he could not go to the circus.



The house that he lived in was very small—just big enough to hold himself and his mother, who worked very hard and all day long. Nevertheless, there was water to be carried and wood to be cut, weeds to be torn away from the tossing flowers, and sometimes the glistening wall that circled the small place was in need of whitewash. For these and numerous other bits of work his mother had often encouraged him by clinking two pennies enticingly and laying them upon the high shelf, smiling at him meanwhile a most mysterious smile. But his mother had not smiled for days; there was not an extra penny to be found in the room downstairs where they lived by day, or the room upstairs where they slept by night. As for the work to be done, his mother had attended to all that and twice as quickly as he could get around to finding it, since her own work in the village had suddenly become scarce. And the circus had chosen these hard times to be coming to his village!

Thirty-five cents! It was an enormous sum. A boy as small as himself could work for a whole year maybe and not see so much money. Nevertheless, he pushed open the gate in the wall and walked through the sparkling air along the golden road to look for work in the little town.

Once in the village the day, which grew steadily more clear and beautiful, seemed to his eyes to turn darker and darker until his heart was filled with blackness. The fields threw back their heads and stared at him only to break into loud laughter when he asked timidly for work. But further on the housewives paid no attention to him whatsoever; they didn't hear him when he knocked, they didn't stop to listen even when he spoke up in a high clear voice and asked if they needed any help. As for the shop keepers, they merely shook their heads.

He came at last to the village church. The doors were open to the bright, still sunlight, but inside he could see that there was even more stillness and that the walls were full of coolness and shadows. The grass outside was neat and well kept, and the floors inside were clean and shining. There was no work to be done anywhere around the church but something he could not see tripped up his feet. Before he knew it he had slipped inside the door, he had padded softly up the aisle and was on his knees before the Virgin. She did not turn away from him—she did not smile. She stood patiently and waited, her hand outstretched, her gentle head bent towards him, waiting for him to speak; listening.

"O blessed Virgin," the words came tumbling out of his choked heart, "O Mother of Jesus who was once a little boy and liked animals—like me—tigers and cows—and elephants and sheep—and horses, white with spangles—I mean, O blessed Virgin, please ask Him if I may go to the circus. He knows everything—He knows I have never been to the circus—He knows I have no money. O Mother of God, please ask Him!

There was only silence in the church while he waited on his knees. But his heart felt strangely light again. He looked up anxiously at her face, at her outstretched hand. He stumbled to his feet dumbfounded. There in her hand, held out to him so kindly and so patiently, was money. He caught his breath and stood on tiptoe. He counted it. It was exactly thirty-five cents. He looked around the little church, empty and flooded with sunlight. He laid his trembling hand inside the still hand of the blessed Virgin and closed his fingers on the money.

"Tell Him," he whispered in awe and gratitude, "that I shall pay Him back."

For a year, since times were harder than ever, he worked for it. A penny at a time. But at last there were thirty-five of them. At last he found a day when the church was empty.

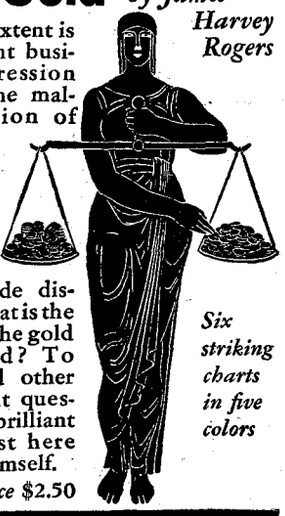
On his knees again he made his confession. "O blessed Virgin," he prayed feverishly once more, "I knew it was for charity. But because it was just exactly thirty-five cents I thought He must be meaning it for me. And tell Him, now that I can pay it back, the animals were wonderful. Praised be the name of God."

Ibby Hall.

YALE

America Weighs Her Gold by James Harvey Rogers

To what extent is the present business depression due to the maldistribution of gold? Must the United States assume responsibility for the world-wide distress? What is the future of the gold standard? To these and other important questions a brilliant economist here applies himself.



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Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

IF YOU are one of those people, like ourself, whose shoelaces are always coming untied at the wrong moment, the E-Z-on lace would seem to be an undisguised blessing. It is made of rubber-coated cotton. You lace it into your shoe and fasten it with a clamp, after which you pay no further attention to it, as the elastic stretches to allow you to take off or put on the shoe.

WE HAVE seen a small automobile umbrella which goes into a case that hangs horizontally on rings on the rug rail in the back of your car. The case has a zipper fastener and air holes, and matches in color the umbrella, whose name, we are sorry to say, is Nokabout.

THERE are a number of de-nicotinized cigarettes on the market which have had a certain amount of popularity. We have smoked one brand of these ourself for a year or two. Now comes a liquid in a little bottle, one touch of which on the tip of any cigarette is said to remove the nicotine as you smoke, entirely without changing the flavor. The makers also claim that cigarettes so treated will not stain the fingers. Niconette is the name of this magic fluid.

BATH addicts may be interested in a stainless metal rack for the tub, equipped with curved bars at either end that have rubber suction cups, making it adjustable and firm in any tub. The rack has spaces for soap and sponge, a shelf for other toiletries, and a holder for a safety match box. So far as we know, however, there isn't any place to put ashes, and if you're going to smoke in the tub some sort of ash receiver is an absolute necessity. A few cigarette ashes floating around are just as unpleasant in your tub as they are in your highball, and even harder to get rid of. Personally we think a wide shelf on the wall side of the tub is the only sensible arrangement. Here one can keep innumerable toilet articles, smoking materials, tub books, and a few bottles of assorted liqueurs. Liqueurs, by the way, are the only drinks it is proper to assimilate while bathing. People who drink whiskey or gin in the tub—and we say this although we know that thousands do—are the rankest barbarians.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

Roosevelt: A Biography

(*Continued from Page 211*)

and the day was to come when he again stood before a national convention and heard cries of "Louder! We can't hear you!" come mockingly down from the galleries where once there had been deathlike silence. But in 1896 he spoke for millions who had no other spokesman. Inexhaustible in energy, he would make as many as thirty-six speeches in one day. He probably addressed 5,000,000 people on a tour which covered 16,000 miles. Never a clear thinker, never a student, and often ignorant, Bryan was deeply in earnest and newspaper men on his campaign train noted that he would kneel in prayer each night.

Men now in middle-age, grown respectable themselves and staid Republicans, still remember some weird night in a Kansas or Nebraska boyhood when, well toward midnight, they waited in tingling excitement on the fringe of the crowd which packed the station plaza. The train roared in, as a hastily assembled band played Sousa's new march, "El Capitan," and from the back platform, while the torches flared, a man with longish, black hair began to speak. Men grown old still sit in crossroads grocery stores, listening to the radio, and tell of the giants who once lived—Blaine, perhaps, and Foraker of Ohio, and Major McKinley and Roosevelt. They had heard them all, but Bryan, then thirty-six years old, had been the greatest.

The respectables did not sneer at Bryan during the summer of 1896. Fearing him, they denounced him. The Rev. Dr. Robert S. McArthur of Calvary Baptist Church in New York and the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage of Washington and, of course, Dr. Parkhurst, were among the clergymen who offered sonorous warnings.

The New York *Tribune*, when victory came at last, said that Bryan had been defeated because "right is right and God is God":

> He was only a puppet in the blood-imbued hands of Altgeld, the anarchist, and Debs, the revolutionist, and the other desperadoes of that type. . . . He goes down with the cause and must abide with it in the history of infamy. He had less provocation than Benedict Arnold, less intellectual force than Aaron Burr, less manliness and courage than Jefferson Davis. He was the rival of them all in deliberate wickedness and treason to the Republic.

The editorial expressed, with fair accuracy, Roosevelt's own views as the campaign got under way. Through July and August he preserved his balance well enough. In September he told Lodge that the situation in the West was far from hopeless. On September 11, he addressed the Commercial Travellers' Sound Money League in New York City and set forth some rather novel views on free silver. This, he said, would not injure the wealthy man because "his lands, his factories and his homes would still be his." The man of wealth, enjoying credit and paying his bills by check, would get along well enough. The poor man, using cash, would suffer because of depreciated silver dollars. If such reasoning normally marked Roosevelt's economic and financial policies it is not to be wondered that he preferred to deal with other subjects.

The vigor of his expression, if not the accuracy of his ideas, caused Roosevelt to become a major figure in the campaign. Mark Hanna, aroused by the success of Bryan's tour, was leaving nothing undone. He arranged for private trains, by the simple process of sending memoranda initialed "M.A.H." to the managers of the leading railroads. Printing presses poured forth literature emphasizing the fallacy of silver, denouncing the tariff for revenue only, predicting another panic if Bryan won. By October 28 Hanna was so confident of the outcome that he returned a superfluous check.

Roosevelt was faintly nauseated by Hanna's program of advertising McKinley "as if he were a patent medicine." He was, however, gratified when the National Chairman asked him to speak in the localities where Bryan had been receiving the most enthusiastic plaudits. His ardor grew as he sniffed the air of the battlefield and at several small towns in the Middle West he remarked that Bryan and Jefferson Davis were very much alike. At Chicago he announced that the danger to the nation was the greatest since the Civil War, that the honor of the United States was in the balance, that Bryan and Altgeld embodied "the negations of the two commandments, 'Thou shalt not steal' and 'Thou shalt do no murder'."

He reached New York on October 27 to report that those who had heard Bryan in the West had done so from "curiosity." He had a "hold on the unintelligent and the vicious" alike. On the following day, in a dispatch to the New York *Journal* from Chicago, appeared an account of a conversation between Willis J. Abbot, then an editor of the *Journal*, and Roosevelt. Mr. Abbot was not named in the dispatch.

Roosevelt was quoted as saying that the purpose of the "Propocratic Party"

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was, whatever its pretentions, "revolution." He had known Bryan well while on the Civil Service Commission. He had a feeling of "commiseration" for the Democratic candidate. Toward Altgeld he felt much more bitter. He would refuse to meet him.

"Because, sir," Roosevelt said, "I may at any time be called upon to meet the man sword to sword upon the field of battle. When war does come I shall be found at the head of my regiment. . . . I speak with the greatest soberness when I say that . . . . the sentiment now animating a large proportion of our people can only be suppressed, as the Commune in Paris was suppressed, by taking ten or a dozen of their leaders out, standing . . . . them against a wall, and shooting them dead. I believe it will come to that. These leaders are plotting a social revolution and the subversion of the American Republic."

Roosevelt promptly denied that he had used such a phrase as "sword in hand"; he had talked to Mr. Abbot on a train en route to Chicago. He had supposed the conversation a private one. Denial was followed by counter-denial, with Roosevelt insisting finally that the whole interview was a "tissue of falsehood," with Abbot pointing out that he was "willing to put my reputation for truth against yours." Mr. Abbot has since recalled that the conversation "took place in a section of a sleeping car filled with people":

> . . . . Mr. Roosevelt's voice was strident, so that [it] must have been generally overheard. . . . I lunched the very next day in Chicago with Bryan, Altgeld, and Senator Jones, who was then Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. I looked upon the conversation rather as a joke, and told it as such. It leaked out as a result of this lunch table conversation. . . .

In the end, righteousness triumphed and the Devil was rebuked. McKinley received 271 electoral votes to 176 for Bryan. On March 5, 1897, the New York *Tribune's* headline on the account of the inauguration was: "Republicans Take the Helm. Under Bright Skies and With Fair Winds, the Ship of State Sails for the Haven of Prosperity."

•

Roosevelt's services during the campaign of 1896 virtually forced the new administration to reward him. In the next installment he goes to Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and although he promised "to be good," he was soon agitating for war with Spain and loudly proclaiming the manifest destinies of the United States

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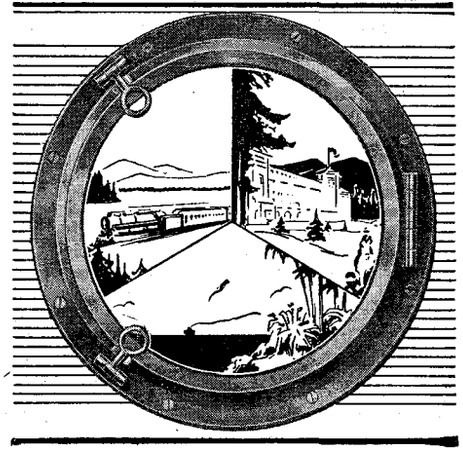

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Armenians Are Impossible

(*Continued from Page 205*)

out as concessions to others to manage. They want to live on the coast, in cities, on rent, interest, dividends and the profits of trading in the shares and the actual money earned by capital and labor."

"There are lots of people like that," I said. "The Armenians aren't the only ones."

"I see you still do not grasp my point," he said. "There are indeed others who would like to do that. The French bourgeoisie is moving in that direction, and our own English are coming to it, especially our Little Englanders of the so-called upper-class. They have that as their ideal. They would like to do nothing, but they can't. They are harmless. They are willing to do nothing but spend. But they do spend, you see. Even your Jews are spenders, great spenders. But your Armenians will do nothing and they won't spend. They get and they save; they sell, but only to buy again and so get more and more. It takes evolution to develop such perfection of the true commercial spirit, and evolution is a matter of degree. And the Armenians are the nth degree. I tell you that if ever the Armenians are given a fair start in the world, if they get a free hold on any corner of the earth, they will own the whole planet and work all the rest of mankind. That's what the Turks know and dread and the Greeks and—all of us who know them. And so—"

He was drawing upon me for his conclusion again—I didn't want to say it. And so I urged him on. "And so—" I said.

"And so," he sidestepped, as we Americans say crudely, "and so we must divide them up, Armenia to one mandatory, the Armenians to another."

"And so," I sparred, "you are for Armenia for some ally, some partner of the British capitalist and the Armenians for us Americans. All right. Two questions occur: What can your ally do in Armenia without labor? And what in the world can we Americans do with the Armenians without Armenia?"

"Oh," he said, "there are other peoples in the Balkans, in Asia Minor, India and Africa—backward nations, really backward, nations that would labor. These can be brought to Armenia and put to work. There is no lack of labor."

"So that solves the British, the practical problem," I said. "Now for the idealistic, the American problem. What are we to do with the Armenians?"

He would not say. His British humor or his diplomatic caution or—something wouldn't let him. He shied off upon the danger to Asiatic labor and European capital of having the Armenians anywhere near where the mines and lands were being worked.

"And so," I said, not without some (American) humor. "And so—"

A shadow crossed his eyes, but not his voice. He spoke sunnily again of "American idealism." I was tired of hearing it, awfully bored, but he liked to talk about it. And this time he changed the key of the song a little. He called us young, said we were inexperienced as yet in the management of other, older races and, therefore no doubt, prone to judge harshly the colonial conduct of the British and other practical rulers whose most conscientious agent sometimes found it necessary to kill and otherwise put the fear of God into the minority of a subject people in the common interest of the majority and the security of invested capital.

"You don't realize," he concluded, "how difficult and delicate a task it is to govern a strange, a foreign people."

"You're wrong," I said, exasperated, and I repeated my charge that he didn't know us. "You are as ill-informed about my people," I declared, "as you say we are about the Europeans, Turks, Armenians and the rest." I cited the Philippines, Cuba, the Sandwich Islands—all foreign countries which we were governing successfully. And I reminded him that we had all sorts of foreigners in our very midst. The United States was not called the melting pot without reason. We had all sorts of foreigners there. We made even his Armenians labor. We did our hard job, I asserted, as well as any government on the face of the earth, not excepting the British, and to convince him that we were practical I related what I had seen done to foreign labor in New England, down South, out West and all over. But I happened to mention also our own natives, the American Indians.

He fairly leaped at that. "That's it," he cried. "That's what I have had in mind all along. Your policy with your Indians is the one for the Armenians."

I was taken aback, astonished. I asked him what he thought our Indian policy had been and he said he understood that we had killed them all off—all; had we not?

I looked him over the way he had me several times. I enjoyed doing it too.

"And so," I said, after a long pause,

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"so you think that that is what we ought to come over here and do to the Armenians—kill 'em all off; all."

"No, no, no," he corrected. "How you pressmen do misunderstand and misquote."

He didn't mean at all to say that we should adopt massacre as a policy. He knew we would not, could not do that.

Well then, what did he mean? What should we do? He would not say. He wheeled round and round like a couple of whirling dervishes; it was wearisome. But I got it at last. I had to say it myself, but it was right—I think. He didn't correct me.

He definitely and distinctly did not mean that we should set out consciously and deliberately to wipe out the Armenians. Not at all. He merely trusted or believed that *after* trying everything else, we would *end* by doing That; and doing it well, too; leaving no Adam and Eve to go on raising Cain—

"But wouldn't that be a scandal?" I asked.

He thought not. He reminded me that we were so idealistic and enjoyed such repute for philanthropy that we seemed to be able to do anything within reason without losing either our idealism or our good name.

"There was no scandal, was there, over your Indian policy?" he asked. "And you never ceased to think that what you did was right? You have conquered part of Mexico, you have occupied Hawaii, taken the Philippines and Porto Rico by force of arms from Spain; freed Cuba and kept a mortgage on it; you have bought the Danish Islands; and you have put your Marines ashore in Central America and forgotten them. You will soon be forced to restore order in the rest of Mexico. And yet," he said, with admiration, I thought, "you are still for self-determination for small nations. You are a small empire, and you have warned us in your Monroe Doctrine that you are going when you get ready to be a great empire. And yet you are anti-imperialists. You have just fought a war against German Imperialism, and—"

"So did you," I shot in.

"Oh, that is different," he fired back. "We are Imperialists. We frankly call ourselves an Empire and we fought honestly for our Empire against the German's Empire. But you—you fought against empire for—self-determination."

There was a point there, and he waited maliciously, I felt, for me to meet it. And when I didn't—I couldn't right off in a second like that—when I didn't answer, he went on.

"I believe that you Americans can do anything whatever and not be doubted, either by the world or by yourselves. There is something great, very great about that, something useful to the world. It suggests that you Americans could, and you surely would, do in Armenia proper that which has to be done there, with thoroughness; gradually, but completely, without missing a single or, rather, a married Armenian, and all without a scandal, without disturbing in the least your belief that you are—How shall I say?—well, not like us English or the French, Germans, Turks and, I am afraid, not a bit like the Armenians."

"And," he hastened to add, "somebody has to solve the Armenian problem. It seems to me to be poetic justice, good politics and sound business to let the most idealistic people in the world take over the most practical people in the world."

What was he giving me? Was this British humor? I looked at him, hard. He didn't blink. He had that puffed-up appearance I had noticed before—but, no—not a twitch. It's a strain to interview an Englishman, and a risk. I remembered that he would repudiate the interview if there were the slightest "come-back." I decided to put him to the test right away.

"As I understand it," I said, "we Americans are a commercial culture, as the Armenians, as all these old nations were that ought to be killed off." He nodded. "They thought they were developing business when they were really developing a certain variety of the human species—a race of business men dependent upon the productive labor of other people whom they do not now govern and who hate them because they can beat anybody at trade and live without working—liars, profiteers, parasites—the most practical brains with the most Christian ideals and manners."

"You Americans talk well," he said. "No Englishman could be found to state anything like that as clearly as that."

"If now we Americans could, in our present, the early state of the development of this sort of man—if we could, by governing the Armenians, see close up the practical workings of our culture; if we could understand that what we were looking at and dealing with in the Armenian of today is the American of the future—"

"Of tomorrow," he corrected.

"Then," I went on, "we might fail with the Armenians, we might, in exasperation, kill them all—"

"Hear, hear."

"We might kill all the Armenians, but, we would go home—"

"Cable," he suggested, "it's quicker."

"Cable home," I accepted tentatively,

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All Remarkable Remarks must be direct quotations and must be accompanied by evidence of their source. If the Remarkable Remark selected by any contributor has appeared in the press, it must be accompanied by clipped evidence, showing the author of the remark and the name and date of the publication in which it appeared. If the Remarkable Remark has appeared in a book, the title of the book and the name of its author, together with the number of the page upon which the Remarkable Remark is to be found, must be submitted.

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"cable a warning to look out: 'Look out for the crossing of practical business with Christian idealism.' Too much business and too much idealism might injure both these good things and us also, as a people."

"Hear, hear!" he exclaimed.

"It might make of great, rich America an Armenia which the British and the Russians (of the future) would find it 'necessary' to take over as a mandatory divided into two parts: one, the United States proper for England; the other, the people themselves, for Russia."

He was silent. I waited to see whether he had any sense of American humor. He waited, too, for a while and then, seeing that I expected something, he spoke.

"Your idea—" he began.

"My idea!" I exploded.

"Yes," he said. "That's an idea. It's a good idea, good in theory, but— It's characteristically idealistic. I am considering it practically. Do you believe really that any American governors of the Armenians would be conscious enough to see their likeness to the Americans?"

"You English do," I retorted cuttingly.

"True," he agreed thoughtfully. "We see the meaning of the Armenians to the Americans, we Imperial English do. But I doubt, I am wondering whether our Little Englanders could be brought to foresee their fate in the fate of the old nations they govern."

I was beaten, helpless, flabbergasted. Fortunately he didn't see that. His eyes were down. He rose, but he was thinking deeply, as he led me to the door. There he looked up.

"Good-bye," he said, "I like your theory. I am afraid it won't work out in practice, but write it. It's suggestive. Write it carefully; not too clearly, and, by the way, don't quote me. I have said nothing, nothing."

Are Women Humorous?

(Continued from Page 207)

culine favor, whereas by playing up to men they believe that they are strengthening their own position with the opposite sex. Is it possible that women do not care that much for humor?

Obviously, if courage brings out humor, women must get more courage, and if courage depends on danger, then women, in order to become a humorous sex, must welcome danger. Where circumstances permit, women should organize themselves in order to develop latent heroism. A female fire-brigade, an international sisterhood of broncobusters, suggest the possibilities in this direction. Those women who have held it sufficient test of courage to undertake the raising of money in the P. T. A. or the D. A. R. must insist upon their right to join the U. S. M. whose reputation rests, we are given to understand, upon their "raising hell." Women should see to it that they are present in equal numbers with men on the next polar expedition. And every mother's daughter must learn to fly as high as every mother's son. Only so will women attain the courage to become a witty sex.

It is to those pioneers who give proof of their courage by venturing forth into the world of men that we must look for the development of our sex's humor. Is it not significant that in spite of the advantages enjoyed by the woman in the home the number of these pioneers steadily increases? Is it not conceivable that with growing consciousness of power gained by addition to their ranks and with the relaxation that comes from a sense of dangers past, these women will learn to laugh at themselves and at the men whom they have felt obliged, as long as they were in the pioneer stage, to take with undue seriousness? Perhaps it will come to pass in time that women will develop a sense of humor.

If woman is to cultivate wit and grow in humor, let her seize the world by the tail, her tail. Thus will she give it length and strength. And if she manages, even with a stub, to wag now and again, she should learn in the course of time to describe a graceful arch.

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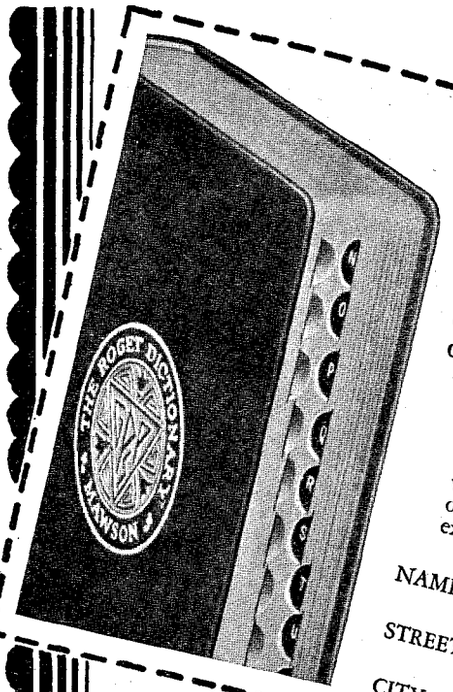

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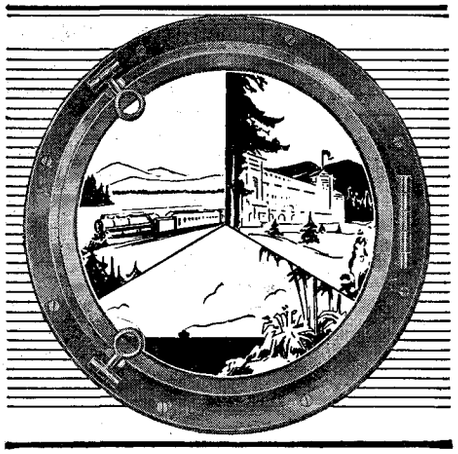

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